

C N CALLING

Life may change, but it
may fly not ;
Hope may vanish, but
can die not ;
Truth be veiled, but still
it burneth ;
Love repulsed—but it
returneth !, Shelley

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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

OUR
MR
SQUEERS

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Thursday 2d

Postage Anywhere
One Halfpenny

WE FIGHT FOR PEACE

We have been asked to print this line and gladly do so, for Peace is what we are fighting for.

THE FAITHFUL HOUNDS

Two Stories of One Morning

LIVE a thousand years and a man could hardly hope to solve the mystery of this world.

This is the story of how the Editor's life began the other morning.

He met in the train an old friend who has known, as all of us have known, much happiness and great sorrow. He built a house in a wood. Never were two people happier than he and his beautiful wife as they shaped the hillside, levelled the terraces, opened up glorious peeps through the pines as they swayed in the breeze. They watched the house rise brick by brick and the day came at last when the chimneys were smoking and the dream had come true.

Life Is Sweet, Brother

Now the garden shaped itself, the rockeries were planted, the fountain began to play, and all through the wood was heard the glad bark of the lady's favourite dog. Life was at its best and all was well with these dear people who had come from across the sea and made their home in an English wood. The dainty little wild flowers that came peeping through were like children to her, and to him there was no delight on earth to be compared with this place they had made together. *Life was very sweet, brother. Who would wish to die?*

But Fate it was that stepped in then. Just one year ago it is since that midnight ride to a hospital, a few bitter hours of waiting, and the lonely journey home again for the man whose life was broken. All he had lived for was gone.

The Broken Dream

The September Crisis came, the long year of anxiety and suspense cast its shadow over the lonely house in the wood, and at last came another September, another crisis, and the war with all the ruin in its train. The great business built up in so many years was brought to confusion in a night, for no more could the shiploads of goods be

brought to England. The future was dark, and the house in the wood must close. The dream of all these years was over.

The man made up his mind. He must say farewell to the scene of his great happiness and his great sorrow. He came to his decision on Saturday night. He took the dog for a walk on Sunday morning and told his neighbour on the other side of the Friendly Gate. He was sure the dog knew. "Trollet has been quite different," he said; "she certainly knows—she has sensed that something is impending." Monday came and the man came to town again, and on the Monday night, arriving home, he was welcomed by the faithful dog, leaping up at him as in the happier days.

Dinner, and then a walk in the wood, wondering what could be done with the brave and cheerful creature that had grown up with the house. It was a grievous thing, but would it be best to bring to a painless end the life of this old friend?

The Last Walk

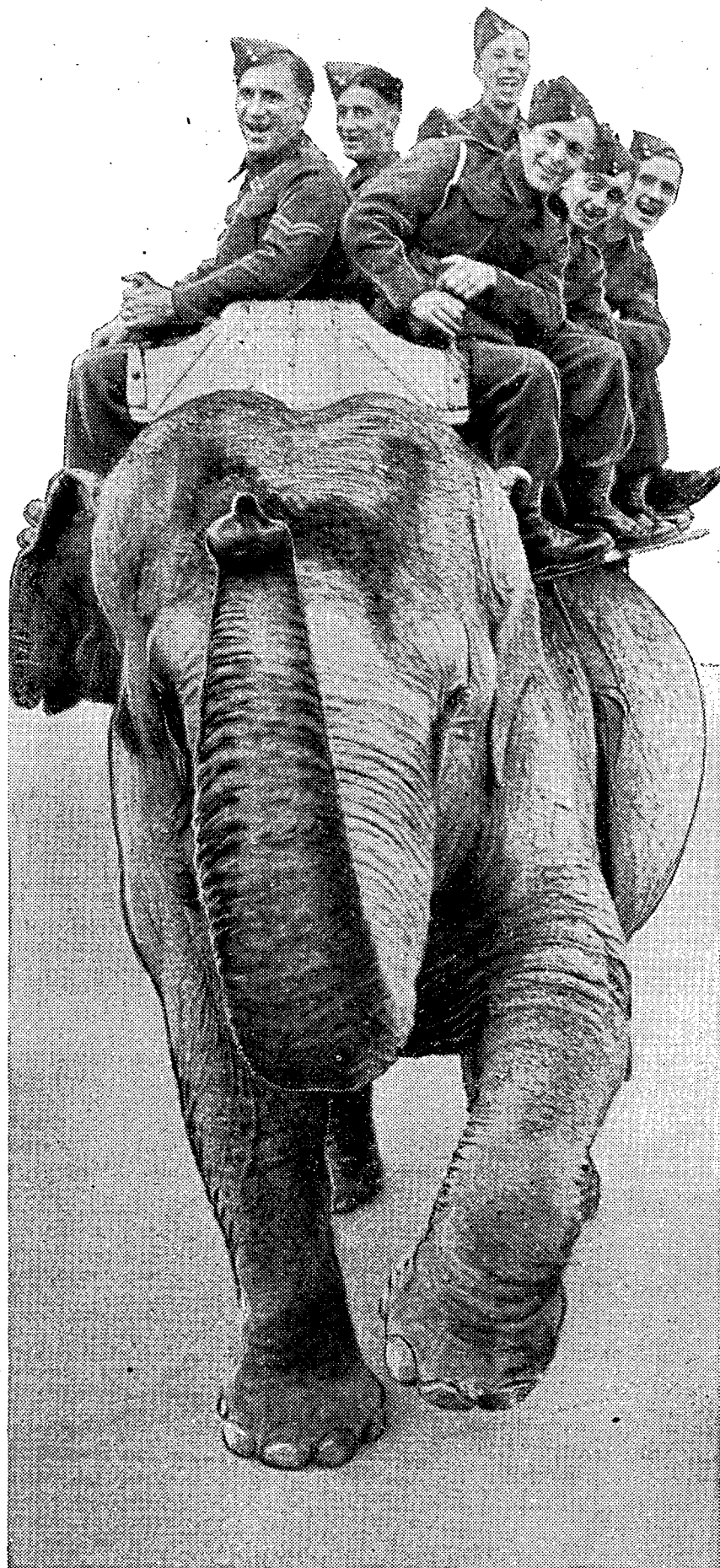
"Come, Trollet—let's go for a walk," said the man. There would not be many more walks for these two. Off they went into the dark night, the dog bounding into the wood among the pines and beeches where she had spent her happy life with her lost mistress. Suddenly came an unfamiliar cry, a curious bark far off, and stillness. The man called and waited, but nothing broke the silence, and a search in the wood was long in vain, until under the trees where she had scampered all these years they found this faithful hound, fallen cold and dead.

THIS was the story the Editor's friend told in the train, and the Editor came on to his office. On his desk was his post, and the first piece of copy he picked up for the C N was this, from a lady at Wilmslow in Cheshire:

On a certain Cheshire farm, Old Rover the sheep dog was pronounced

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A Ride For Thomas Atkins



Soldiers off duty enjoy a ride at a North of England Zoo

A SMALL BRAVE PEOPLE

We are too much accustomed to value a people by its mineral strength or by the extent of its territory.

It is true that many nations that are populous are also truly great, but it is no less true that some nations are small because geography confined their limits and prevented their free growth.

Lithuania is a case in point. Modern Lithuania has only 2,600,000 people, but the nation has a great history. We see it on the map, bounded by Latvia on the north, by Russia and Poland on the east, while the Baltic washes its north-western boundary.

In ancient days the Lithuanians had an enormous territory, stretching from the Baltic to the Black Sea. One of her Grand Dukes became King of Poland. This led to the extension of Polish influence in Lithuania and to the establishment of a joint dynasty which ruled both Lithuania and Poland, while each country maintained its separate parliament. In the 18th century both Poland and Lithuania fell under the sway of Russia. It was not until 1918, during the Great War, that the defeat of Russia restored Lithuania's old independence.

An Old Boy of St Albans

Kenneth Doran has won the Distinguished Flying Cross for his magnificent services in the Kiel Canal Raid. He has also secured a half holiday for his old school.

Very proud are the boys of St Albans School, where Flying Officer Kenneth Doran was educated. They cheered when the headmaster told them that the first decoration bestowed in the war had been given to one of the old boys. Kenneth Doran's name has been added to the school Honours Board, and the 500 boys have had a half holiday to mark this notable event.

THE FAITHFUL HOUNDS

Continued from page 1

past his work, for, though in bodily health, his sight was failing and his temper uncertain.

Very sadly one day the farmer took down his gun, and, calling to Rover, led the way to the top field, there to give his old friend the most merciful release by putting a bullet through his heart. They left a mourning household behind them, and went their way, but up in the field the sorrowful master was spared his ordeal. As they stood still together before Rover was given the order to "seek," the old dog looked beseechingly up into his master's face, and fell lifeless at his feet.

So this old world moves on, out of mystery into mystery. Whence we came we know not. Whither we go we know not. But on our journey through this world life is streaked with joy and sorrow and only He who guides our trackless way, who guides men and the birds and all our dumb creation, knows what this solemn mystery means.

The Little Country Drawn Into the Raging Torrent FINLAND WILL BE FREE

It is not the least among the tragedies of our time that the most unoffending of the nations of the world should be drawn into the raging torrent set in motion by the Dictators.

Finland and her Scandinavian neighbours have been feeling the ruthless force of both Hitler and Stalin, their ships being sunk and their sovereignty threatened. Finland in particular has been taken by surprise by her ruthless neighbour, the Communist Dictator threatening to repeat the domination of the Imperialist Tsar.

Of all the lands that gained independence from Russia after the Great War, none have proved their fitness for self-government better than this Baltic country of lake and forest and island. Even the Tsars of old had realised how high was the civilisation of its million people, according them for generations a freedom which they refused to the Russians themselves.

As a race the Finns are one of the intruders into Europe, migrating from Asia to settle on the plains of the Volga, and from there being driven across Europe in the 7th century to settle in the Land of a Thousand Lakes. Here they found the Lapps, who retreated north and are still represented by some 2000 nomads with their reindeer.

A Revered Englishman

When we were building our glorious cathedrals the Swedes were crossing the Baltic and introducing Christianity among the pagan Finns. The crusade lasted nearly 200 years, and the most revered of the missionaries was an Englishman, Bishop of Upsala, who was martyred there and became Finland's patron saint, Henry.

For six centuries Finland remained united with Sweden, absorbing its language and literature and living under liberal laws with a constitution of her own. She adopted the Reformed religion and has remained one of the most Christian countries in Europe. Finnish literature began with a translation of the Bible.

Unfortunately Finland became a battleground for Sweden and Russia, and in 1809, when Napoleon was on the side of the Tsar, the Grand-Duchy of Finland was surrendered to Russia. It was, however, by an Act of Union, not by mere conquest, that Tsar Alexander became Grand Duke of Finland, and it must be put to his credit and to that of his successors in the 19th century that they allowed the Finns to keep their old laws and form of government.

Consequently peace reigned in the land, which flourished amazingly. Cities were built, Helsingfors (Helsinki) becoming the new capital; all kinds of new trades and industries sprang up; and the population was doubled. Great teachers and writers arose to restore a Finnish rather than a Swedish culture. One of the most famous was Elias Lönnrot, the son of a village tailor, who collected the old Finnish legends from the peasants and made them into an epic poem, the Kalevala, or Land of Heroes. Schools

were founded and Finnish came to be written and spoken as much as Swedish. By the end of the century over 90 per cent of the people could read and write, and this in a country that was mainly agricultural and with much of its 145,000 square miles very sparsely populated.

Then it was that the Tsar sought to bring free Finland into line with the rest of his far-flung possessions. He proposed making laws for Finland without consulting the Finnish Parliament, sent her soldiers into distant parts, tried to impose the Russian language on the people, suppressed Finnish books and newspapers, and generally destroyed the free institutions of the country, reducing it to a mere Russian province.

First Women in Parliament

The Finns revolted and Parliament was restored to them, noteworthy because it was the first in the world in which women sat. Then the reign of terror with its spies and banishments began again and continued through the early years of the Great War. Hundreds emigrated to America.

At the Russian Revolution Finland declared its independence, and though for some months there was civil war between the reds and the whites the people settled down as a republic with a constitution as liberal as ever. Russian islands in the Gulf of Finland and an outlet to the Arctic were added to her.

Well-educated, vigorous, honest, and courageous, the Finns have won the respect and friendship of all the democracies of Europe. As a seafaring nation Finland has become closely linked with our own; indeed for many years we have bought nearly half her exports, chiefly timber, pulp, and paper, English visitors in growing numbers helping to pay for them.

The Children's Paradise

Finland is a lovely land of woods, lakes, and streams, over 17,000 square miles being lakes linked by canals so that a great part of the country can be visited by boat. Then there are 40,000 miles of public roads and 3500 miles of State railways. There are no mountains, so that the climate is very mild for a land so far north, and though the winters are long and dark the Finns spend their leisure hours in reading and studying. A very high proportion of the students in the higher schools and universities are women, and the model kindergartens and nursery schools have won for Finland the title of the Children's Paradise. The Arts and Music are held in high esteem, and the great composer Sibelius has transcribed for all time something of the charm of his native land and of the character of its people.

A country loving order and good government, Finland's only desire is to be left alone to develop the arts of civilisation, but her people cherish freedom and love their native land, and will never consent to lie at the feet of a conqueror.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

It has taken Hitler's War and the need for blackouts to inspire the clever electrical engineers of Manchester Tramways to perfect a device to prevent the electric flashes created by trams in motion.

Since the outbreak of war on September 3, liquid funds of the Halifax Building Society have increased by more than £500,000, and the cash at the Society's bankers has increased by over £850,000.

A native of Kenya has sent to the District Commissioner an offering of his three pigs towards the cost of the war.

An African native chief visiting Manchester recently revealed in a speech that he is a lover of Shakespeare, owns a big library, and can speak 13 languages fluently.

We have heard of a little girl evacuee from an industrial area in the North who was taken for a country walk during a blackout. On being told that all the lamps had been put out, she looked up into the starry sky and exclaimed, "But God has litten His."

A blind worker arrived at his office the other day with a damaged forehead, and when asked how he had received the injury, replied that he had gone out in the blackout with someone who could see.

Liverpool, the city of the first flag day ever held, has just had a flag day for disabled soldiers in which 15,000 workers sold half a million flags.

Four children whose father lost his life in the sinking of H M S Courageous have been admitted to Dr Barnardo's Homes.

Hull Transport Museum now possesses Steam Tram Number One built at Leeds in 1882. It stands with the oldest English tramcar dated 1863, which used to run on Ryde Pier, Isle of Wight.

We do make progress. Manchester's Beethoven Society, formed 52 years ago, to play the music of the German composer, have decided not to change their name, as so often happened in such cases as a result of high feeling during the Great War.

An Englishman's Word

Anybody with sympathy to spare from their own troubles might bestow it on the Royal Air Force pilot whose plane came down in Icelandic waters.

The Icelanders very properly arrested the pilot and the plane, and courteously put the pilot on parole, with the understanding that he must not leave Iceland. But Icelandic is a difficult language to understand, and the pilot of the flying-boat, quite mistaking his position, took an early opportunity to return home.

Explanations followed, and the pilot, now that the Icelandic point of view has been made clear to him, declared that as an officer's parole must not be broken he would go back to Iceland at once.

So there he is for the duration of the war, and with a rather cold and gloomy winter in front of him. But he will be warmed with the thought that an Englishman's word is his bond.

THINGS SEEN

This notice in the window of Deddington Post Office:

Please do draw your pensions early and on the correct day. Come for billeting money early. Keep a stout heart. Keep smiling.

A licence form postcard size sent by the Ministry of Supply in envelopes 15 inches by 10 inches.

One thousand pounds of strawberries on a Hampshire farm this autumn.

Back to the Land—Willing Helpers on the Home Front



A member of the Women's Land Army sets to work with a will in Lancashire



The Spade and Fork Brigade—Manchester evacuees who are making allotments near their new school



The Horse Comes Back Again—An autumn ploughing scene near Womersley in Surrey

OUR MR SQUEERS

Germany's Typical Englishman

German propaganda is so hard up for ideas with which to libel and misrepresent England that it has been dipping into our novels, to pick out the villains exhibited in them, and represent them as typical Englishmen.

Every novel, like every serious play, must have, among other characters, hero, heroine, and villain. The work keeps us in long suspense as we see the villain temporarily triumphant, but only that right and justice shall triumph in the end.



Mr Squeers of Dotheboys Hall

One of the characters now chosen by a German writer as typifying our national character is Squeers, the rascally schoolmaster of Dotheboys Hall. He robs his scholars of their belongings, he half starves and savagely punishes them—all of which sounds more like Hitler in his dealings with Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, and Poland than Mr Chamberlain and his countrymen.

But does Squeers profit finally by his foul misdeeds? Our memory tells us that Nicholas Nickleby, a typical young English hero, gave him such a thrashing for his brutal misconduct as to make it marvellous that he was left with a whole bone in his body.

Perverved Gifts

We are not to judge a nation by the sinister conduct of evil characters in its literature. There are those who see in the evil-working Ribbentrop a man who, devoting his gifts to malevolent ends, represents the Mephistopheles of Germany; but, because Goethe introduces that terrible figure into his Faust, we do not pretend to see the dramatist's creation embodied in the character of the German people, any more than we regard Shakespeare's Iago as typifying Italian character.

Squeers gets his deserts in Nicholas Nickleby; he would have been a proud man (and more convinced than ever that the walloping Nicholas administered was unmerited) could he have foreseen that, nearly a century after the British public first came to detest him, Germany was to select him as a representative Englishman.

HITLER, THE UNDISCHARGED BANKRUPT

Betrayal of His Countrymen

BANKRUPT of honour, bankrupt of credit, bankrupt of any idea except robbery, Hitler is pledging one by one Germany's hopes and aims.

In the senseless plan of destroying Poland in order to plunder her he has pledged the best part of the bandit's gains to Russia. By the same stroke of incredible folly he shut Germany off from the drive to the East which had been her dream before she began the last war to dominate Europe.

The dream was not complete with an extension of Germany's might through the Balkans; it was to have established a German Empire in Middle Europe from the Baltic to the Black Sea.

By his submission to the utmost of Stalin's demands, the Baltic has also slipped from his hands. In order to purchase Stalin's connivance in escaping from the consequences of his own treachery, he has thrown Estonia, Latvia, with Lithuania to follow, back into the Russian grip. Whatever the future of Finland, which with the other little Baltic republics was once part of the Russian Empire, the German dream of the Baltic as a German lake has been thrown into the discard. Stalin will see to that. He, and not Hitler, will be master of the Baltic.

His last pledge to his Soviet creditor is the home of the German colonists on the Baltic. Since the days of Peter the Great these Germans have

been established there and have been the most industrious, capable, and in happier times the most prosperous of the inhabitants of the Baltic shores. When the Tsars ruled in Russia the Baltic Barons were among the richest of their subjects; and they had most to lose by the Russian revolution. The less wealthy German colonists survived the storm, and by their resolute industry and German determination kept their foothold in the lands they had populated when German engineers were summoned by Peter the Great to build St Petersburg on the marshes of the Neva.

Now they have been recalled to an impoverished Germany to starve along with the Germans recalled from South Tyrol and elsewhere. The recall of the German population from the Italian Tyrol before the War began might have been pictured as the command of an idealist who wanted to call the wandering German sheep home, but the repatriation of the Baltic Germans is the act of a betrayer of his people.

Judas sold his master for thirty pieces of silver; Adolf Hitler has sold his fellow countrymen to their lifelong enemy for Russian gold.

Credit Hitler has none, neither with Stalin his confederate, nor with any honest men. His own pledges are worth nothing, so he pledges those of his countrymen, together with their lives and their future. Never has a man fallen so low.

THINGS WE DO BETTER IN WAR TIME

The Flying Squad of the Docks

THE stress and peril of war serve not only to unite us in the elements of great endeavour, but to bring a spirit of sweet reasonableness into lesser affairs which, apparently trivial, yet divide section from section and class from class in long and angry dispute when the world is at peace.

Summer Time was a product of the last war which had been debated for years, hotly championed, bitterly opposed, and ridiculed. When the pinch of combat came and the advantages of the project were dispassionately analysed, the measure was passed with hardly a murmur of dissent. Now it continues longer than ever.

For years friends of Labour and Capital have been urging that the market required more elasticity of movement, that men should go where work waited to be done, not wait idle and hungry where no employment was available.

The reform has now been achieved, almost at a stroke, in one of our most important fields of labour, the work done by those fine, strong men who load and unload ships. Under a scheme now agreed on by the Ministry of Labour and the leaders of the dockers, ships are now assured of the attendance of a flying squad of expert workers, who will travel from London and elsewhere to whatever ports the Admiralty may direct ships' captains to convey and discharge their cargo. Labour and its tasks will thus be

brought together; the ships will be unloaded or loaded, and will go forth again to face the perilous seas and help to feed us and contribute their share to the winning of the war; while the men, borne by special trains from port to port, and paid special wages and allowances for lodgings, will escape the unemployment to which they would be exposed if they remained at central ports like London, from which the authorities may from time to time find it advisable to divert traffic.

The new scheme is so obviously advantageous, although only now for the first time systematically applied, that we may expect to find it becoming permanent, and extended to other branches of industry.

One of the baffling problems of the special areas has been that certain industries have left their old homes and gone elsewhere while the men whom they formerly employed have lagged behind, seeking continuance of employment in trades no longer active in their midst.

Grave anomalies result. We find some areas cramped and delayed in their work through lack of plasterers, tilers, carpenters, bricklayers, and so forth, while men of those callings have languished in idleness elsewhere.

The task of employers and social reformers alike has been to bring work and workers together, and the new flying squad formed by the dockers seems one way to attain the desired end.

NEWS DICTIONARY

Aaland Islands. A group of over 300 islands at the entrance to the Gulf of Bothnia in the Baltic, these islands have come into many treaties because they are important strategically. They command the approach to both Helsinki and Leningrad. Russia, to whom they were ceded in 1809, fortified them, lost them, and received them back on condition that she did not fortify them again. Their inhabitants are mostly Swedish, and it was one of the first tasks of the League of Nations to decide on their future ownership. In the end they were allotted to Finland on condition they were kept neutral. Russia protested at the League against the proposal that they should be fortified, and they are likely to remain a source of dispute for some time.

Billeting. Derived from the French word for ticket, this term is used for the quartering of soldiers or others on the inhabitants of the country. Until the Great War innkeepers only were liable, but a clause in the Territorial Act extended this duty to owners of dwelling houses in 1914. The Army Act lays down rates of payment for lodging and food. When the Government decided last January to evacuate children from cities it took steps to billet them in safe areas.

Division. In speaking of Britain's military preparations in Parliament Mr Hore-Belisha said that 32 divisions would not be the limit of our effort. A division consists of a number of infantry and artillery brigades together with their appropriate services, such as engineers, supply, medical corps, communication, and so on. Before the Great War a division was the biggest unit in the organisation of our army, numbered about 12,000 men, and was usually commanded by a major-general. Today new types of divisions are introduced, based on tanks and machine guns.

Murmansk. The trade agreement recently signed between Britain and Russia will make the new quays of this port within the Arctic Circle very busy. Murmansk leapt into importance during the Great War owing to the fact that it was the only port through which supplies could leave or enter Russia by ship all the year round. A railway was hastily built from it to Leningrad and finished just before the Revolution. It is here that the Bremen and other German ships have taken refuge.

Ration. The word comes from the Latin ratio, "a quantitative relationship." Thus, if people and food are in the ratio of five to four (5:4) the food for four people is pooled and divided equally among five—in a word, it is rationed (or may we say ratio-ed?). Long used for the food issued to men in the Army and Navy, the word became familiar to the civilian population in the last war, when foodstuffs, fuels, and so on, ran short.

Sam Browne Belt. It has been decreed that officers need not now wear swords, and so the Sam Browne belt will pass into the lumber room. This belt had rings to which were attached the sword-frog and a strap passed over the right shoulder. The original belt had a strap over each shoulder and was named after its inventor, General Sir Samuel Browne, who died in 1901.

Silo. The need for preserving food-crops has given prominence to the use of ensilage in farming. Silo is Spanish for underground granary and may either be an earth-covered clamp or stack or a specially constructed building. In this grass, clover, maize, and any green fodder crops are preserved for consumption some months after they have been harvested. The system was introduced into this country from France about 50 years ago.

A RIVAL FOR THE SUN

It does not seem very long since the lamplighter was roaming the streets with his long pole and lighting the gas lamps with a loud pop.

The wizardry of electricity has made us all used to wonders, and prepares us for other marvels. Even so it comes as quite a shock to hear that a famous firm of electric lampmakers has been experimenting with a lamp *that is strong enough to illuminate a whole town!* It is an air-cooled mercury discharge lamp, and if one of these lamps was to be hung about half a mile or a mile from the earth, perhaps by means of balloons, it would light up a whole town and there would be no need of street lights, motor-car lights, or house lights, and we would be able to read in bed at night by the light of an artificial sun!

TORONTO'S SWIMMERS

We hear that Toronto has over 16,000 water babies.

Every day during the summer an average of 14,000 boys and girls flocked to twelve big swimming pools in the city sponsored by the Board of Education. Half of them could not swim to begin with, but by the end of the season they were disporting themselves in the water like young porpoises. During 14 years over 22,000 children have been taught to swim here.

THE MAN OF LAW FINDS WORK TO DO

We often hear of amateur lawyers and the good they do, but Mr Leslie Smith, of Stoke Ferry, Norfolk, must hold a record. In thirty years he has taken up 15,000 cases. He made a hobby of reading books of law, and thought he could give useful advice, so he began giving it, free of charge. It is hard to believe that Mr Smith has been unemployed for 15 years, and manages to live on his Unemployment pay of 18s 6d a week for himself and his family.

HOW FAR CAN AN AIRMAN SEE?

ARP affects Ireland, and even Dublin has its nightly dimming of lights. This, Mr De Valera has been explaining to the Dail, is so that the city's illumination may not advertise the position to an airman of a belligerent Power.

He was informed, he said, that the lights of a city at night could be seen for 150 miles, but he doubted the truth of the statement.

The truth of the estimate must depend on the height at which an airman is flying. At 5000 feet an airman could see Dublin lights 93 miles away, but if he climbed to 20,000 feet and had glasses good enough he could detect them at a distance of just over 186 miles.

That is the distance visible from such a height, and we must presume that airmen fly with telescopes powerful enough to bring to the eye all the objects on their horizon, and so to see a lighted Dublin at the distance doubted by the Eire President.

THE OPERA MOVES

Sad it is to hear that the Paris opera has been transferred to Nantes for the duration of the war.

The Opera House is surely the most magnificent pleasure house on Earth, with the loftiest and widest stage that exists. The famous building has 2500 doors with 8000 keys to them. There are 8000 staircase steps, 160 miles of electric wires, and three miles of hot air pipes.

The Conservatory of Music is also moving to Nantes, where it will carry on its musical performances and studies.

The Joyce Kilmer Trees

Away in the mountains of Graham County in North Carolina 3800 acres of forest with giant poplars and huge red oaks have been set aside as a Joyce Kilmer Memorial Forest.

All the world knows Joyce Kilmer's poem called Trees, and it is sad to hear that the elm tree in New Jersey which inspired it, the tree under which the poet would sit as a boy listening to the rustle of leaves, has fallen a victim of the woodman's axe. The tree, which had taken 200 years to grow, was chopped down in an hour.

Joyce Kilmer, born in 1886, took an active part in journalism when he left Columbia University, doing book reviews and contributing verses to magazines and papers. In 1913 he became a writer on the staff of the

New York Times. He always wrote at top-notch speed, never looking again at what he had written. At his home outside New York, always filled with week-end guests, he would work feverishly into the early hours of the morning, dictating to his clever wife with a crying baby in his lap, for they had five small children. It was said that he was never too busy to do one thing more.

Three weeks after America entered the war he enlisted as a private, and in 1918, when he was only 31, he was killed in action in France. He left behind him many verses, but it was his 12 lines on Trees that brought him fame, beginning:

*I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.*

THIS FREEDOM

Snuggling among the mountains of Judea in Palestine is a village run by children.

It is the little community of Ben Shemen which, except for a few teachers and supervisors, is populated by Jewish boy and girl refugees, many of them from Germany.

From toddlers of three to young people in their teens all play their part in running the little community, delighting in their new-found freedom and happiness. The girls look after the housekeeping, while both boys and girls are learning agriculture. They love tending sheep and goats, or learning how to extract orange seeds for planting.

ARE THE SANDBAGS SAFE?

For want of the precautions we named recently a girl aged five has lost her life.

The child was pushing her baby car past an air-raid shelter protected by sandbags when the pile fell. It is to be hoped that this fatality will cause all responsible persons to re-examine their sandbag constructions.

MR HAVENS DROPS HIS GLASSES

When Mr Leo Havens, a citizen of Athens in Pennsylvania, went for his first ride in an aeroplane the other day he became so excited that he peered over the side to see his home 1000 feet below.

He hung on to his hat but forgot about his glasses, which dropped off his nose and went spinning into space!

A fortnight later they were picked up by a roadside and returned to him unbroken!

PIGEON NEWS

Pigeons have been flying in and out of the news lately; about 40,000 owners have registered 800,000 pigeons for messenger service.

In the Philippine Islands the War Department has established a depot to train homing pigeons to fly at night, for they usually come down at night.

Homing pigeons on a Transvaal farm do not know whether they are coming or going these days. A scientist is conducting some vastly important experiments with them and claims that pigeons in flight can be brought to earth at any point by transmission of wireless waves through a new and secret alloy.

Apparently a homing pigeon has 14 points where its nerves concentrate. As the bird flies the nerves facing the loft receive more wireless waves than others, thus showing the bird if it is flying in the right direction.

BAD BOY OF THE DAISY FAMILY

A reader of the CN has written to champion the ragwort as a valuable source of liniment in the treatment of disease. Most plants, he says, have some use. This is, of course, quite true, the poppy being another example of a plant which is a valuable source of a drug relieving pain, yet anything but a help in the farmer's wheatfield.

The proper definition of a weed is a plant in the wrong place, as many an allotment holder has found in prize competitions, the judges referring to roses in a vegetable plot as weeds.

ADVENTURES OF A PIANO

Australia's most famous piano is about to cross the world.

A quarter of a century ago a piano of German make was lent to the troopship Ceramic, when she left Sydney for overseas. It played a gallant part in entertaining the 3000 men on board and went from deck to deck for Sunday hymns and concerts.

When the ship reached Egypt the troops did not see how they could do without music, so they took the piano with them into the desert! The next year it went to France, where it gave joy to tens of thousands of Australian soldiers. The war over, back it went across the world to Sydney. Now the call for service has come again, and the old piano with its remarkable war record is ready to go overseas.

THE SANDBAG GARDEN

A family at Wythenshawe, Manchester, are making good use of the top layer of sandbags that cover their air-raid shelter. By using a special preparation of his own, Mr Harry Waterhouse has found a way to grow almost any kind of vegetable in sand, and two jobs are being done—Protection and More Food.

THE BARBER DOES HIS BIT

From Canterbury comes the story of a barber who, remembering the boys of the poorer part of the city, decided to provide them with a chance of playing games.

He began by getting together a few boys, begging bats, wickets, and a ball, and founding a cricket team. His venture has grown, and now the club plays regular matches. Slowly people in the district are giving their support, and the success of the barber's efforts seems assured.

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Take up and store potatoes; expose the tubers to light as short a time as possible, but those intended for sets may be greened by the sun. Look over onions that are stored, and remove any that are spoiled.

Continue to plant endive as required for use; the curled may be blanched by laying tiles over it. Any plants covering walls which require nailing should at once receive attention to prevent their being broken by high winds.

Lawns should be mown where the grass has a tendency to grow, so that the leaves may be more easily cleared away.

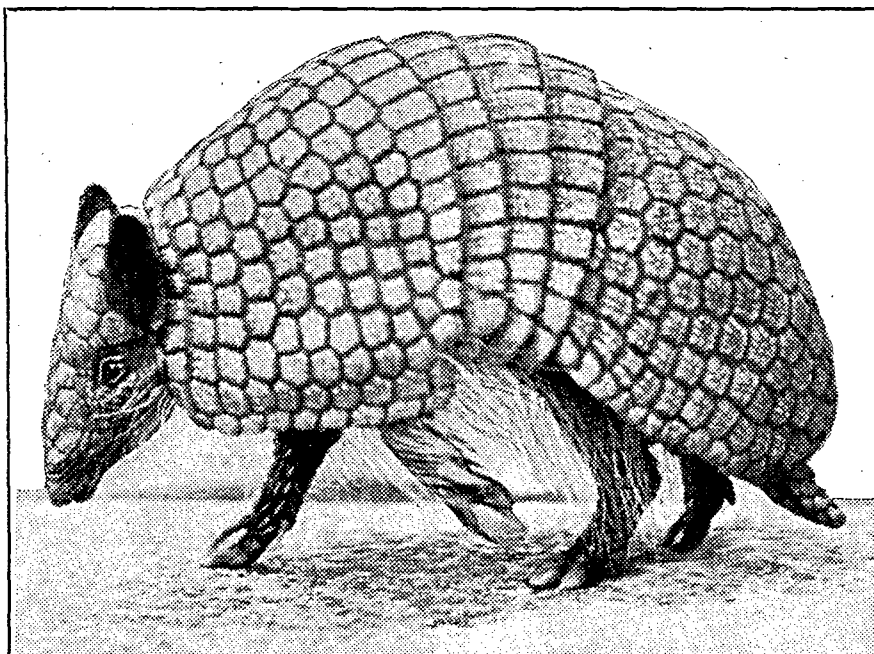
BROTHERHOOD

A CN reader in America writes to tell us of a little incident that took place the other day at Boston.

Steaming into the harbour came the British cargo boat Port Halifax, laden with wool and hides from New Zealand. Her crew were tired out, but thankful to be safe in port away from the menace of U-boats.

As they tied up at the wharf they were surprised to see that their neighbour was a German boat! She was the Pauline Friedrich, which had scurried into the neutral port at the outbreak of war to avoid capture.

The crew of the British ship soon saw that all was not well with the Germans. They looked hungry, and it came out that they had run out of food. But they were not in this sad plight for long. Men of the sea are brothers to all, and the skipper of the Port Halifax went below to consult the cook, and before long a British sailor, carrying a huge side of beef, was on his way to the German ship.



AN ARMoured LONDONER

A Three-banded Armadillo from South America which has just arrived at the Zoo

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

OCTOBER 28 1939

THE CHALLENGE

THE war is a challenge to us all. To every boy and girl, every man and woman, this winter will mean hardship or disappointment. The blackout prevents us enjoying many of our amusements and pleasures. Evacuation means for thousands a restricted and unsettled life. Rationing may soon mean that some of our favourite delicacies will be scarce. The conservation of petrol may mean that those who have been used to motoring are compelled to walk or cycle.

All this takes away something of the pleasure of existence and makes living harder than usual.

What is our reaction going to be? Nothing will be easier than grumbling. We shall feel dispirited, and sometimes we shall become gloomy and anxious. Bad news will depress us, and the long nights and the dark days of winter will get on our nerves.

On the other hand, we may regard this as a challenge. We should resolutely determine that at all costs we will stand foursquare to all ill winds that blow, and that come what may we will keep smiling—like the Scouts and Guides.

This spirit will help tremendously. It will give us strength to endure, patience to bear, and courage and gaiety to make living worth while even in wartime. We cannot do better than ask God to help us.

Let us, therefore, be frank about tomorrow, realising that it is likely to be unkindly, but quietly determined that we will not lose heart, and will not be conquered by tribulation or adversity. A fine, brave spirit this winter will bring us at last to a new springtime when the earth will be filled with the glory of God, however madly men may destroy it. Not in horsemen and chariots is our strength, but in God, a very present help in time of trouble.

Surely He Shall Deliver Thee

HE that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day, nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

Psalm 91



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



The Harvest of God's Acre

IT is harvest time in America's Middle West, where farmers are busy gathering in the acres of corn they set aside as God's acres.

Two years ago, when the Methodist Church in Corwith, a little Iowa town, was badly in debt, a seed merchant came to the rescue with a novel suggestion. He offered to give enough seed to every farmer for one or more acres which the farmer would agree to plant and harvest for any church. After the harvest there was a storehouse overflowing with 12,000 bushels of Methodist and Roman Catholic corn!

Now over 200 churches in the Middle West are trying this plan, and every seed house in the country is making the same offer, with the result that churches are taking a new lease of life.

Too True

THERE is always the weather to talk of, whatever happens to this world.

"Nice day today," the village postman was heard saying the other day. Yes, indeed, came the answer, but there's not much humanity in the air!

A Cry From the Country

IT must be delightful for some of the evacuees on a sunny day in the country, but some, it appears, are saddened by the memories of London streets. On our desk is a pathetic cry from a girl of 13:

Could you please manage to print photographs of Queen's Hall, the Strand, Piccadilly Circus, and the National Gallery, because, being evacuated, I am rather missing them?

Our love to our little lady, and a little prayer that green fields will make up for lost buildings.

The Two Brothers

ONE morning not long ago, when the Children's Memorial Hospital in Montreal was appealing for a million dollars, two 12-year-old business men knocked on the secretary's door.

"We run a little worm business," explained one of them. "As we have been doing so well lately, selling our worms to fishermen, we wish to give something to the sick children," and he handed over a five-dollar bill.

The hospital got its million dollars.

THE PIED PIPER OF MOSCOW



The Soviet is the enigma of Europe; her Pied Piper seems to be impelling Poles, Ukrainians, Latvians, Estonians, and Lithuanians to follow him into mighty Russia

Under the Editor's Table

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If the German profiteer is making his mark

IN times of crisis English people drop their starchiness. But still keep a stiff upper lip.

A SCOT in England says he loves his country still. Won't it keep still?

PACKING is a skilled job. Many who do it get wrapped up in their work.

THE British Army gets plenty of bread. There is always a roll call.

You can hardly call the blackout a bright idea.

MANY Londoners are growing their own vegetables. They have always had the Mint.

THE polite man is polite even if in a hurry. He is in a hurry to be polite.

THE exteriors of houses are very dark during the blackout. But householders look on the bright side.

ST CRISPIN'S DAY

October 25 is the day of the shoemaker saints, Crispin and Crispinian, martyred in 285 A.D., and it is good to recall the immortal speech which Shakespeare put into the mouth of Henry the Fifth on this day at Agincourt.

WHEN the armies formed up in battle array the Earl of Westmoreland, seeing the English were outnumbered five to one, exclaimed:

O! that we now had here But one ten thousand of those men in England That do no work today.

The king's reply has resounded through the country's story for centuries:

WHAT'S he that wishes so? My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin:

If we are marked to die, we are enough To do our country loss; and if to live The fewer men the greater share of honour. God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.

By Jove! I am not covetous for gold; Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost; It yearns me not if men my garments wear; Such outward things dwell not in my desires; But, if it be a sin to covet honour, I am the most offending soul alive.

No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:

God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour

As one man more, methinks, would share from me

For the best hope I have. O! do not wish one more;

Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,

That he who hath no stomach to this fight, Let him depart; his passport shall be made, And crowns for convoy put into his purse. We would not die in that man's company That fears his fellowship to die with us.

THIS day is called the feast of Crispian:

He that outlives this day and comes safe home

Will stand a-tiptoe when this day is named, And rouse him at the name of Crispian.

HE that shall live this day, and see old age, Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,

And say, tomorrow is Saint Crispian: Then he will strip his sleeve, and show his scars,

And say, these wounds I had on Crispin's day. Old men forget: yet all shall be forgot, But he'll remember with advantages, What feats he did that day! Then shall our names,

Familiar in his mouth as household words, Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter, Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster, Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered.

THIS story shall the good man teach his son:

And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by, From this day to the ending of the world, But we in it shall be remembered;

We few, we happy few, we band of brothers: For he today that sheds his blood with me Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile, This day shall gentle his condition:

And gentlemen in England, now a-bed, Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,

And hold their manhood cheap while any speaks That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Sweet language will multiply friends: and a fairspeaking tongue will increase kind greetings.

Ecclesiasticus

JUST AN IDEA

When you find that you cannot read the kind of books you read twenty years ago, do you pause to ask yourself if this is because you have changed for better or worse?

Uneasy Lies the Head That Wears a Crown

How many thousand of my poorest subjects are at this hour asleep! O Sleep, O gentle Sleep! Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee, that thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down, and steep my senses in forgetfulness? Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs, upon uneasy pallets stretching thee, and hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber, than in the perfumed chambers of the great, under the canopies of costly state, and lulled with sounds of sweetest melody? O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile in loathsome beds, and leavest the kingly couch a watch-case or a common 'larum-bell? Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast, seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains in cradle of the rude imperious surge; and, in the visitation of the winds, who take the ruffian billows by the top, curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them with deafening clamour in the slippery clouds, that, with the hurly, Death itself awakes? Canst thou, O partial Sleep! give thy repose to the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude, and, in the calmest and most stillest night, with all appliances and means to boot, deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down! Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Henry the Fourth

Freedom's Battle

CLIME of the unforgotten brave!
Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave—
Shrine of the mighty! can it be
That this is all remains of thee?
Approach, thou craven crouching slave:
Say, is not this Thermopylae?
These waters blue that round you lave,
O servile offspring of the free—
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?
The gulf, the rock of Salamis!
These scenes, their story not unknown,
Arise, and make again your own;
Snatch from the ashes of your sires
The embers of their former fires;
And he who in the strife expires
Will add to theirs a name of fear,
That Tyranny shall quake to hear,
And leave his sons a hope, a fame.
They too will rather die than shame:
For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding Sire to Son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.

Lord Byron

THE LITTLE ONES

AND he who gives a child a treat
Makes joy-bells ring in Heaven's street;
And he who gives a child a home
Builds palaces in Kingdom Come.

John Masfield

Milton in His Days of Darkness

LOVELY and unpopular as Milton was, there was one thing about him which made his house in Bunhill Fields a place of pilgrimage to the wits of the Restoration.

He was the last of the Elizabethans. He had possibly seen Shakespeare, as on his visit to London after his retirement to Stratford the playwright passed along Bread Street to his wit combats at the Mermaid.

It was a reverence drawn from thoughts like these that men looked on the blind poet as he sat, clad in black, in his chamber hung with rusty green tapestry, his fair brown hair falling as of old over a calm, serene face that still retained much of its youthful beauty, his cheeks delicately coloured, his clear grey eyes showing no trace of their blindness.

John Richard Green



ON ONE GOING TO A FAR COUNTRY

ROUND the cape of a sudden came the sea,
And the Sun looked over the mountain's rim:
And straight was a path of gold for him,
And the need of a world of men for me.

Robert Browning

The Little Gleam Between Two Eternities

MEN speak too much about the world. Each one of us here, let the world go how it will, and be victorious or not victorious, has he not a life of his own to lead—one life, a little gleam of time between two eternities.

For the saving of the world I will trust confidently to the Maker of the work; and look a little to my own saving, which I am more competent to.

Carlyle

A Little Sun, a Little Rain

A LITTLE sun, a little rain,
A soft wind blowing from the west,
And woods and fields are sweet again,
And warmth within the mountain's breast.

A little love, a little trust,
A soft impulse, a sudden dream,
And life as dry as desert dust
Is fresher than a mountain stream.

Stopford Brooke

THE BAIRNIES

THE bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
Wi' muckle faught an' din;
"Oh, try and sleep, ye waukrife rogues,
Your faither's comin' in."
They never heed a word I speak;
I try to gie a froon;
But aye I hap them up an' cry,
Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!

Wee Jamie wi' the curly heid
(He aye sleeps next the wa')
Bangs up an' cries, I want a piece;
The rascal starts them a'.
I rin an' fetch them pieces, drinks,
They stop awee the soun',
Then draw the blankets up an' cry,
Noo, weanies, cuddle doon.

But ere five minutes gang wee Rab
Cries out frae 'neath the claes,
"Mither, mak' Tam gie ower at ance,
He's kittlin' wi' his taes."
The mischief's in that Tam for tricks,
He'd bother half the toon;
But aye I hap them up an' cry,
Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!

At length they hear their faither's fit,
An' as he steeks the door
They turn their faces to the wa',
While Tam pretends to snore.
Hae a' the weans been gude? he asks,
As he pits aff his shoon;
"The bairnies, John, are in their beds,
An' lang since cuddled doon."

An' just afore we bed oorsels
We look at our wee lambs,
Tam has his airm roun' wee Rab's neck,
And Rab his airm roun' Tam's.
I lift wee Jamie up the bed,
An' as I straik each croon
I whisper, till my heart fills up,
Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!

CARRY ON



THE SPHINX IN ALL OUR LIVES

How true is that old fable of the Sphinx, who sat by the wayside, propounding her riddle to the passers, which if they could not answer she destroyed them!

Such a Sphinx is this life of ours, to all men and societies of men. Nature, like the Sphinx, is of womanly celestial loveliness and tenderness; the face and bosom of a goddess, but ending in claws and the body of a lioness. There is in her a celestial beauty, which means celestial order, pliancy to wisdom; but there is also a darkness, a ferocity, fatality, which are infernal. She is a goddess, but one not yet disimprisoned; one still half-imprisoned, the inarticulate, lovely still encased in the inarticulate, chaotic. How true! And does she not propound her riddles to us? Of each man she asks daily, in mild voice, yet with a terrible significance, "Knowest thou the meaning of this Day?"

Carlyle

When I Come Home

WHEN I come home, from dark to light,
And tread the roadways long and white,
And tramp the lanes I tramped of yore,
And see the village greens once more,
The tranquil farms, the meadows free,
The friendly trees that nod to me,
And hear the lark beneath the sun,
Twill be good pay for what I've done,
When I come home.

Leslie Coulson, Killed in the Great War

CUDDLE DOON



The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
Wi' mirth that's dear to me;
But soon the big war's cark an' care
Will quaten doon their gleae.
Yet, come what will to ilka ane,
May He who rules aboon
Aye whisper, though their pows be bald,
Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!

Alexander Anderson

Hushed Was the Evening Hymn

HUSHED was the evening hymn,
The temple courts were dark;
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark,
When suddenly a voice divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

Oh, give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord!
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word;
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

Oh, give me Samuel's heart!
A lowly heart, that waits
When in Thy house Thou art;
Or watches at Thy gates
By day and night—a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

Oh, give me Samuel's mind!
A sweet, un murmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death:
That I may read, with childlike eyes,
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

James Drummond Burns

THE GOLDEN CROWN

XERXES embarked on a Phoenician ship and crossed into Asia.

On his voyage the ship was assailed by a strong wind, which caused the sea to run high. As the storm increased and the ship laboured heavily because of the number of Persians who had come in the king's train and now crowded the deck, Xerxes was seized with fear, and called to the helmsman, asking if there were any means whereby they might escape.

"No means, master," the helmsman answered, "unless we could be quit of these too numerous passengers."

Xerxes, they say, on hearing this, addressed the Persians as follows: "Men of Persia, now is the time for you to show what love ye bear your king. My safety, as it seems, depends wholly upon you."

So spake the king; and the Persians instantly made obeisance and leaped into the sea. Thus the ship was lightened, and Xerxes got safely to Asia. As soon as he had reached the shore he sent for the helmsman, and gave him a golden crown because he had preserved the life of the king—but because he had caused the death of a number of Persians he ordered his head to be struck from his shoulders.

Herodotus

To One Dying in a Great Cause

LIVE and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee; air,
earth, and skies;
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies:
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

Wordsworth on Toussaint L'Ouverture, starved to death by Napoleon

There's a Land, a Dear Land

There's a land, a dear land, where the rights of the free,
Though firm as the earth are as wide as the sea;
Where the primroses bloom and the nightingales sing,
And the honest poor man is as good as a king.

There's a land, a dear land, where our vigour of soul
Is fed by the tempests that blow from the Pole,
Where a slave cannot breathe, or invader presume
To ask for more earth than will cover his tomb.

Charles Mackay

FIVE GERMANYS IN 1000 YEARS

Five Germanys have grown in Europe in a thousand years: the Germany of petty States amounting once to 360 in number; the Germany with Prussia at their head; the Germany welded into an Empire, the first Reich, by the hammer of Bismarck; and the second, and third Reichs since the Great War. The second Reich was the

Republic proclaimed in the year 1919 under the Constitution of Weimar, and continued under Hindenburg and Stresemann, who sought to make their country a good neighbour in Europe; and the third Reich is the Dictatorship of Adolf Hitler the Fuhrer, who has led a National-Socialist Germany into another World War.

The Germany of Petty States

ON the heights of Nimegen, in sight of the Rhine where it flows into Holland, is a tablet with the words:

Here stood Claudius Civilis gnashing his teeth. Here saw he with wintry look the eagles of the avenging legions draw near.

Claudius was a Batavian and a soldier of fortune who served with the Roman armies and assumed a Roman name. He got a confederacy of tribes, German and Celtic, and had some successes in fighting Rome, but here, deserted by his allies, he awaited the assault of Cerealis, the Roman General. His uncompleted story, told by Tacitus nearly 2000 years ago, is one of the first mentions of the Germans.

Move on a thousand years and we come to a kindlier note. German warriors joined the Crusades, and in the Third Crusade, where Richard Lionheart stood side by side with Philip of France and Duke Leopold of Austria, a peaceful order like that of the Knights Hospitallers of St John of Jerusalem was formed of the Teutonic Knights. These grew in power and wealth and forcibly converted the pagan Wends who dwelt in that portion of Poland now known as East Prussia.

Prussia was the toughest, the most pertinacious, of all the provinces into which Germany was divided through the Middle Ages and long through the Modern Period. In these several provinces the kingship was elective, and to seven German princes there was another elective privilege, that of confirming the election of the Pope.

Their names recur again and again in the Middle Ages, and it was the power of the Electors which sustained Martin Luther in his fight against superstition and bigotry, and so helped to establish Protestantism. Nor can the contribution of Germany to the Renaissance of learning ever be ignored. Augsburg was a centre of the arts and sciences, and from Germany came the printing press for the advancement of learning.

The story of the small kingdoms of Germany through the centuries is one that cannot be followed here. It is too closely woven with that of Austria and with what was called the Holy Roman Empire. The German princes now lending their aid to one side or other were involved in many a cruel struggle, such as the Thirty Years War or the Seven Years War.

The Rise and Rule of Prussia

BUT the turn in the tide of German affairs came with the rise of what we call Prussia, and should perhaps describe as the Hohenzollerns. In the year of Agincourt, Sigismund, Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, transferred the Electorate of Brandenburg to a Frederick of Hohenzollern. That election was the germ of the modern kingdom of Prussia, and consequently of the modern Germany. Prussia consolidated its power through two centuries, and, came to its own with the accession in 1640 of Frederick William, the Great Elector.

Frederick William consolidated his scattered dominions and added to them. He established a powerful standing army and a great civil service. He cultivated waste lands and gave sanctuary to Protestant refugees from other countries, 20,000 Huguenots among them. The Huguenots repaid him by rebuilding Berlin. His son improved the heritage, his grandson Frederick the Great, the friend of Voltaire, employed it to extend his dominions. What he acquired, by fair means or foul, marked the first steps towards the goal of making Germany one State. But much was to happen before

that became an accomplished fact, for the rise of Napoleon seemed almost to coincide with the downfall of Germany. In 1792, when France declared war on Hungary and Bohemia, Germany consisted of some 360 sovereign States, Kingdoms, Duchies, Electorates, Archbishoprics, Free Cities, and what not. After Napoleon had marched on and through them he split them up into their various parts and annihilated Prussia at the Battle of Jena.

It took Germany and Prussia three-quarters of a century to recover, though Blucher and his Prussians were present as allies of the British when Wellington crushed the last of Napoleon's armies at Waterloo. But in that long period of reconstruction Prussia worked wonders.

In May 1848 a national movement towards unity took form by electing a Constituent Assembly of 576 representatives of every State in the Germanic Federation. It was a failure, because Frederick William the Fourth of Prussia refused the German Imperial Crown. Had he accepted it German unity would have come 20 years earlier; as it was it had to come through the iron gates of war.

Imperial Germany: The First Reich

THE architects of the united Germany were Bismarck, the man of blood and iron, and Moltke and Von Roon, the men of war. First Austria was crushed, and then France. The defeat of Jena was wiped out in the

victory of Sedan. But this victory meant more than the crushing of Germany's enemies and rivals. Bismarck could consummate his life's work of uniting the German peoples. Terms of union between North and

South Germany had been already arranged, and on January 18, 1871, King William of Prussia accepted the Imperial Crown from his fellow princes and was proclaimed at Versailles as first German Emperor. So the first

German Reich began the Imperial Germany. It grew in might, majesty, dominion, and power, till King William's grandson, whom we know as Kaiser Wilhelm the exile, risked it all in the disastrous Great War.

The Second Reich: The Republic

AS two wars had cemented Germany, so the third war, into which a Hohenzollern (Kaiser Wilhelm) led the Germans, broke the Empire up in confusion. In the year after the war ended a National Assembly was summoned, for which all Germans over 20 were called on to vote, and met at Weimar on February 6, 1919. It declared Germany a republic, elected Friedrich Ebert, the Socialist saddler, its first President, and in a few months adopted a new Constitution. The Constitution of Weimar kept the name of Reich for the whole of Germany, and thus the Second Reich was born.

Those were bitter days in Germany. The Second Reich was born in travail, with no hope beyond making good the losses suffered by a defeated people in the war. For a time there was a mirage of success in the effort. But the Socialist Reich had not within it much knowledge of the art of government, and in the struggle to put German finances straight it was endlessly hampered by the millstone round its neck of paying for the war in addition to the reparations exacted by the nations who had defeated it.

Germany had lost provinces as well as colonies, coal and iron, power and arms, and, worst of all, it had lost hope. It fought hard against its

adversities. It adopted the desperate expedient of printing paper money without real money to back it, and as a consequence the German mark sank to the value of scraps of paper. The middle classes, the country's backbone, were thereby impoverished, and though industrial capitalists prospered, and new and better factories were built, the working classes sank lower and lower.

These conditions could not long be endured, and the first symptom of revolt came with the death of the Socialist President Ebert. Socialism in Germany had failed, and the Socialist Government had proved unequal to its hopeless task after the war. Germany sought refuge in a Government which had for its President the revered Field-Marshal von Hindenburg, who might most justly be regarded as representative of the military and landowner parties of Germany. This Government, with Gustav Stresemann as Chancellor, served the country well enough for more than seven years, but below and behind it, and presently to swallow it up, a new national party was springing up, increasing yearly in power and numbers. It was led by a man who was a portent of his time, and was to become the most commanding single influence in Europe, Adolf Hitler.

Hitler and the Third Reich

BORN an Austrian, and becoming a German citizen after fighting in the German Army during the war, he founded what was then almost a one-man party in Munich in 1920, the year after the first President of the Second Reich had been elected. He was then only 31, and his party of the National Socialist Labour Party was as unknown as himself. It has grown into the party of the Nazis, and in less than 20 years has grown, like Adolf Hitler, to overshadow Germany. It was born in revolt, it was bred in violence, it pursued its ends without scruple, but it had the saving grace that it raised Germany from the dust.

Adolf Hitler inspired the coming generation in Germany, and they inspired him. He had the courage to stand up to President Hindenburg, who at first regarded him as an upstart, but before he passed beyond the field of his labours had to recognise him as his probable successor. So Adolf Hitler, the Fuhrer, Leader of the German people, became after Hindenburg had gone.

On March 12, 1933, the German Memorial Day for the war dead, the black, red, and gold flag of the

Republic was hauled down, and President Hindenburg decreed that the old imperial black, white, and red flag of the First Reich should be flown on all public buildings side by side with the Nazi flag of the black Swastika on a white ground. During the next two years the Swastika, like Aaron's rod, swallowed all its rivals, and the Nazi party had absorbed all opposing parties in the Reichstag. Adolf Hitler had been made Chancellor when the Nazi flag went up, and two years later, when Hindenburg died, he was elected President and Chancellor in one. The Third Reich began with him.

What the Third Reich has done, its grasping of all power in the land, its subordination to its decree of all the old States within it, its enlargement of Germany's military power, its rearmament, and its violent assertion of its right to be a world power, are written in the records of the last four years. The Third Reich has denounced in unmeasured terms all who would stand in its way. It has not yet learned the lesson of the war which in so many ways led to its foundation, that the effort to dominate the world by force must surely fail.

Century After Century Colleoni Sits On His Horse

FOR four hundred years and more Colleoni has sat on his horse in his little square in Venice. Amid all the tumults of the earth he sits as millions have seen him, unmoved though seeming ready to start if the summons should come.

It is one of the noblest horses ever cast in bronze; John Ruskin called it the noblest equestrian monument ever set up on the face of the Earth.

It stands on a great, high pedestal by the Church of St John and St Paul. These two great monuments (the church with its great men sleeping, the horse with its rider sternly gazing over Venice) have been side by side for more than 400 years. Bartolommeo Colleoni sleeps at Bergamo, but he left his fortune to Venice in return for a statue in one of its squares. Whatever may have been his motive in leaving his wealth to Venice, the Republic benefited greatly by his magnificent bequest. Besides his estates, his jewellery, and plate, Colleoni left five hundred thousand ducats to the State, a godsend indeed, for Venice had become impoverished by wars.

The Soldier of the Republic

Colleoni had chosen the Square of St Mark as the site for his statue, but, notwithstanding this, it was erected in the Campo of St John and St Paul. It was Andrea Verrocchio, one of the great sculptors of Florence, who was entrusted by the Republic with the carrying out of this commission.

It was well that the Venetians fulfilled their bond to keep the name of Colleoni before the world, for two men were made immortal thereby, the soldier and the sculptor. Men like Colleoni are not born every day. He was a soldier of fortune whose sword was always to be bought by the highest bidder, but he was loyal to the master he was serving for the time, never treacherous, and singularly humane.

First Venice bought his services, then Milan, then Venice again, and between the two Colleoni's life was largely passed. Now and again he retired sulking to his tent because in his opinion an insufficient honour was offered him, but the sulks did not last long. When serving Venice Colleoni distinguished himself greatly, and, though he was not commander-in-chief, it was largely owing to his personality that the Venetians were successful in recapturing many of their lost towns. In 1455 Venice honoured him by making him Captain-General of the Republic's forces for life.

The Warrior Settles Down

The Venetians then had the pleasant spectacle of this man, one of the finest soldiers and campaigners of a warlike generation, settling down to study agricultural problems and devise various means of improving the state of the lands with which the Republic had endowed him. He looked after other people's lands too, and other people's happiness. He had a last flash of grandeur when in 1475 he knew he was going to die, and spoke to the Republic about the statue.

Bartolommeo would have been very much amused at the miniature storm



that burst in Venice about his memorial. Andrea Verrocchio knew well that there were few men in his day to touch him in his own sphere. Verrocchio, goldsmith, sculptor, painter, was not a man to be despised.

But Verrocchio never felt that he had done his greatest work. That was always to come. When he was asked to make this huge equestrian statue of Colleoni for Venice he felt that the moment for really achieving greatness had arrived. Florence should be prouder of him than ever.

He went to Venice to make the statue there, and the story is told that he had just modelled the horse when he heard that the Government of Venice meant to ask a pupil of Donatello to set the rider on the horse's back. Verrocchio was indignant.

He broke the horse's head to bits and went home to Florence, and there followed him a decree forbidding him ever to set foot in Venice again under penalty of death. But artists can laugh at Governments, and Verrocchio smiled at the decree of the proud Republic, and wrote back that he would never run that risk, as if his head were once cut off the Government of Venice could never put it on again, while he could at any time replace the horse's head. The Government felt that this was true, cancelled their decree, and begged him to return.

He started his work again; but had only begun to restore his broken model when the penalty of death was carried out indeed. Not the Republic of Venice, but a Power that neither men nor Governments can contradict

carried the artist to his grave; a short, violent illness, and his life was done.

He left behind him an appeal that one of his pupils should be employed to complete his work, but Venice chose Alessandro Leopardi, a Venetian.

They set up the statue overlooking the Grand Canal, and there, high up on its beautiful pedestal, this noble horse has borne its rider, watching the centuries in and watching them out. It has been the admiration of all the travelling world, and the heroic and helmeted figure of Colleoni in his armour as a leader of troops is one of the greatest figures that have come down to the modern world from the times before Shakespeare wrote of these waters that ripple past the square, and of Shylock who haunted the Rialto close by.

A Break in the Great Drought

IT RAINED 600 MILLION YEARS AGO

The drought was not this year, nor last, but 600 million years ago, and it broke in Montana, where seas and mountains have come and gone since that day of gale and storm.

First sleet was borne on the gale, then storms of hail, then sheets of rain. Hail, sleet, and rain fell on the sandy patches of the marsh and made their mark there. It was a mark that lasted while the Age of Reptiles came and went, and the mammals took their place, the first horses no bigger than a greyhound among them.

Then, when all these had lived and died out or changed, came Man, a very newcomer, hardly a thousandth part as ancient as the prints of that storm. But it is a man, Dr Carroll Fenton, who has discovered the traces of that storm in the marks left by it on the wet soil, which afterwards dried up and through all the ages has preserved them—as clear as this print.

Friends in Germany

HOW TO WRITE TO THEM

In the course of the years many close associations have sprung up between citizens of nations now at war.

There are Germans with British friends by marriage and British people with children married to Germans. These suffer acute distress now.

Their sorrow may be mitigated by correspondence, and letters may be sent to friends in Germany by directing them to:

The Director,
Central Office of the Universal
Association,

Wilson Place, Geneva.

The envelope of the letter should not be stuck down, and it should be accompanied by two international reply coupons. The name and address of the sender should be clearly stated both on the letter itself and on the covering envelope. The letter should be short and simple and deal solely with private matters; it should contain no political or military references.

Give Us Inspiring Music

Someone has called the wartime music, broadcasted by the B.B.C., "an iron ration."

Surely it is rather a ration of triviality. We are loth to criticise, but if we tune in to the news bulletins a few minutes early we are almost certain to be greeted by cat-calls and alleged dance music, much of it feeble and vulgar.

This is a time for great tunes, bold in outline and inspiring in their majesty. Such a tune is to be found in Elgar's *Pomp and Circumstance March*. It speaks of a land of hope and glory. Why not let the orchestras play it every week, if not every day? Then there is Elgar's *Cantata, The Spirit of England*.

It may be that we have not such a copious supply of good native tunes as are possessed by some nations, but we have all the world to draw upon, and our native composers might well be encouraged by the B.B.C. to compose march tunes. A stirring song fitted to marching feet might emerge from a prize competition.

Not that we are pleading for an endless succession of marching songs. We ask only that there shall be more great music—music to which the spirit may surrender itself, attuned to grave purpose and great ends.

A Short War For a Long Peace

The Biggest Things We Know Of

It is interesting to think that the problem of the origin of everything in the universe can be approached from two very different points of view.

The way of the physicist is to study electrons, the smallest objects in existence. The astronomer studies the nebulae, the biggest things known in the universe.

Many observatories spend their time in the study of these vast clouds in space, and some recent discoveries have compelled them to put away old theories and start again.

A hundred and fifty years ago Sir William Herschel believed that all the nebulae were only clusters of stars, so distant that the separate starry points could not be distinguished. This idea was dispelled when the wonderful spectroscope, in the hands of Sir William Huggins, showed that several of the great nebulae were indeed clouds of shimmering gas.

One of the most interesting nebulae is Orion, and astronomers at the Mount Wilson Observatory suggest that we must give up the picturesque idea that Orion is a vast glowing fire-

cloud in space. The Orion nebula, they suggest, is made of dust, the refuse of countless stars, which has been driven off and collected in an out-of-the-way corner of space. The question arises: By what great force has this dust been expelled from the atmosphere of the stars? The answer is to be found in the magic word *Light*.

It is the light which the stars are radiating into space that drives out the dust particles. This force of radiation pressure, as it is called, is sometimes about a thousand times as strong as the force of gravity which is holding the particles back. The hotter the star, and the smaller the specks of dust, the stronger is the star's repelling force upon them.

The astronomers suggest that the great dust clouds are lit up by the light of stars near by, or even immersed in them. That such a thing is possible is shown by the fact that the star Rigel, in Orion, is known to illuminate a nebulous wisp 600 million million miles from it. So great a distance is this that if Rigel were suddenly extinguished the nebula would continue to shine for a hundred years.

There is Always Something Good

EVEN in these bad times there is something good. Let us remember this, for it will help to keep us brave and cheerful.

However black the blackout nights may be, there is at least some compensation in being able to see the stars so clearly that the Milky Way is like a cloud above our heads. Autumn brings us mellow sunshine, the sight of yellow fields from which the harvest has been gathered, gardens crowded with colour, and woods aflame with showers of crimson and gold above russet carpets.

Let us be glad that, although the roar of guns is shattering the world's peace, we may find peace in many a country lane, and also in many a home where life is still going on evenly, grandfather's clock ticking out the moments without haste, sunshine streaming through the window, the common round and daily task little disturbed. Let us be glad that there are flowers for our table, birds to come to the lawn, friendly fires to burn at night, ripe fruits fresh from the orchard, work to go to when the day is fresh, a comfortable chair to sit in when our task is done.

Let us be glad that all the shoutings and ravings of Europe's madman cannot silence the voice of Shakespeare or Milton or Emerson or Goethe or Isaiah. Their thoughts are above his thoughts, as also are their ways. When he is dust they still will live and speak. So it is with music. With the radio

and the gramophone, with our own skill at the piano or with the violin, or perhaps simply with our voice, we may find that music hath charms. Handel, Mendelssohn, Schubert, William Byrd, Vaughan-Williams, Sullivan, Charles Wesley—have they not given us music and songs and hymns for our delight?

Since singing is so good a thing,

I wish all men would learn to sing.

So said William Byrd, and at such a time as this how glad we should be that we may sing and play, forgetting all hatred and bitterness.

Music and singing, reading and thinking—are they not all good things? And may we not be glad that conversation is yet a means of making better these bad times? It was Alice who said that there was no sense in a book if it had no conversations; and we may be sure there would be little of lasting worth if life had no conversations. Meeting people, talking after supper, exchanging views, a friendly discussion, telling a piece of news, cracking a joke, recalling happier days—so we may all enrich our life.

The break of day, high noon, a golden sunset, the laughter of children, kindly faces, shining deeds, brave words, good health, humour and human sympathy, faith which keeps the heart buttressed against the shocks of war, prayer which lifts us above the things of time and sense to a realm of love which perfects all—let us be glad that not all the wars in all the world can rob us of all these.

News About Your Eiderdown

THE Eskimos are feeling very pleased just now, for they have been given a new job which will allow everyone to sleep more soundly.

An eiderdown industry is to be established in the Eastern Arctic along the southern coastline of Baffin Land by the Hudson's Bay Company, and the Eskimos are to collect the eiderdown.

Sanctuaries will be established for the eider ducks and the natives will be

taught how to remove the down without disturbing them. The ducks pluck down from their bodies and place it in their nests round their eggs. If the Eskimo is careful he can take away some of the down from the nest without frightening the mother duck away or interfering with the hatching of the eggs. The eiderdown industry in Canada was first begun in 1933 along the shores of the Gulf of St Lawrence.

Flying School of the Empire

NEW PRIDE OF CANADA

During the Great War Canada produced some magnificent airmen; now she is to furnish more, but the new contingents will not be all her own sons this time.

Canada is to be a great finishing school for the young eagles of the British Commonwealth. Airmen, after undergoing preliminary training in Great Britain, Australia, and New Zealand, will then go to Canada, which, with fine aircraft, has magnificent country safe from enemy attack in which to apply the finishing touches to a course of training that will make the successful pupils among the most brilliant airmen in the world.

The selection of the great Dominion for this task is the highest compliment we can pay to Canada and her thrilling flying traditions. Australia has helped to lead the world in flying; New Zealand created the most daring and successful of girl pilots, Jean Batten, of the England-to-New Zealand record; but all the Dominions, with the Motherland, are proud and willing to send their winged sons to Canada for their highest aerial military degree.

Our Fishermen

IDLE WHILE WE NEED FISH

Our fishermen have been appealing to the Government with good cause.

Their fine trade has largely disappeared even while fish is scarce and dear.

Out of 1300 trawling vessels nearly 900 have been taken by the Admiralty. They lay mines and fish for mines and help to fight the submarines. This takes part of the labour; the rest is largely unemployed.

At a conference of fishermen in London various suggestions were made, including the building of a standard type of trawler, the formation of a convoy system for trawlers working in distant fishing grounds, the absorption of fishermen who are readily adaptable in other industries, and an efficient marketing scheme with fixing of prices.

While many fishermen are wholly out of work, others are working only a few days a week and failing to earn a living.

The Bolt From the Blue

The residents of Shoal Lake in Manitoba are keeping a wary eye on the sky just now.

The other morning freak lightning shot out of an almost cloudless sky and streaked from one end to the other of the little town on suspended telephone wires!

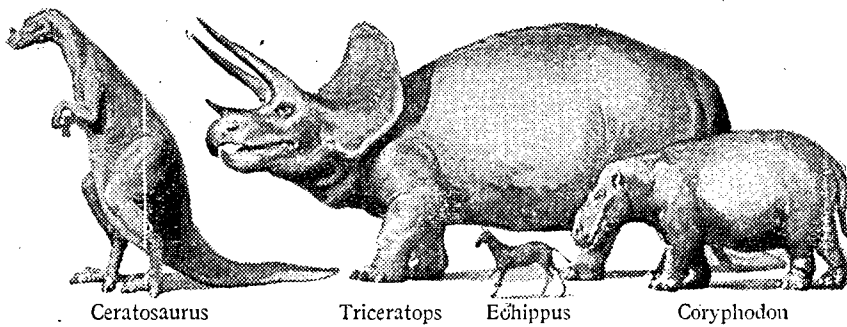
As it went its way it showered sparks on the terrified onlookers, and though it did no serious damage it knocked one man flat on his back, sent the hefty blacksmith spinning three feet in the air, and frightened the postmaster's cat out of eight of its lives.

25 YEARS AGO

From the C.N. of October 1914

A Gallant Captain. Chivalry is not shown only on the battlefield. We have recently had a fine example in the Law Courts. A captain of one of our battleships was libelled by the editor of a newspaper from whom he recovered £3000 damages. The verdict brought the editor to the Bankruptcy Court, but when he came up for examination no debts were proved against him. The gallant captain, hearing what was happening, had sent for him and voluntarily released him from his liability. Let us put that on record when so much is being forgotten; it is in that spirit that our sailors risk their own lives to save the lives of German sailors sowing mines of death in the sea.

CN ANIMAL STRIP



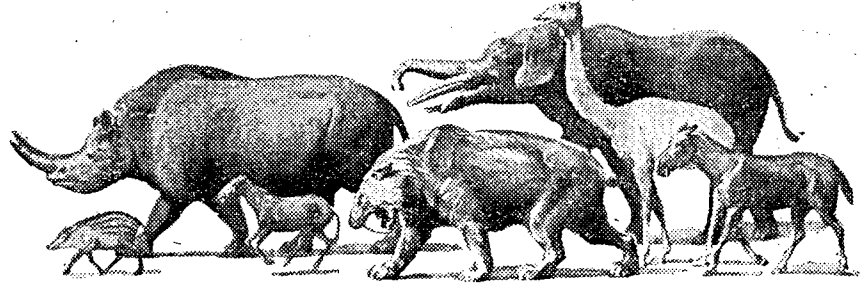
Ceratosaurus

Triceratops

Eohippus

Coryphodon

CREATURES OF THE DIM PAST



Hyopotamus

Brontops

Hyracodon

Sabre-toothed Tiger

Tetrabelodon

Altecamelus

Neohipparion

Here is a strange procession of life which roamed the earth in prehistoric times millions of years before the arrival of man

In the Country Now—The Birds That Spend the Winter With Us

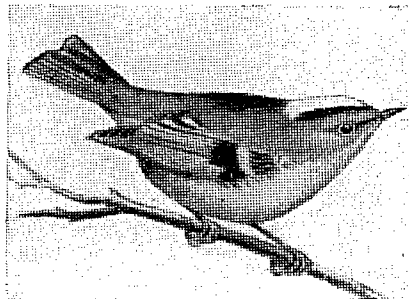
If you are very quiet in your approach you may see, on any sunny morning at this time of year, a water vole at breakfast by the side of a stream.

Though it is often called a water rat, it is not a rat, as indicated by its blunt nose, thick fur, small ears, and short, hairy tail; but it is often accused of crimes committed by the common brown rat. The water vole is invariably a vegetable feeder, except when it is forced, by sheer starvation, to look for other food.

The wild geese and mallards, or wild ducks, are now arriving in large numbers from the north, and the woodcocks are flying south.

The wildfowl are often accompanied by peregrine falcons, which harry and prey upon them; and it seems sad to

think that many of the teal and ducks, after crossing the seas, will arrive in our hospitable land only to fall victims to



The little Goldcrest

some strong-winged, huge-taloned travelling companion that has been following in their train. The falcon nests in the

United Kingdom, but fresh birds come with the wild fowl each autumn.

We shall be lucky if we hear an occasional skylark, for its song has now practically ceased. The little goldcrest, or golden-crested wren, our smallest British bird, is a resident all the year round, but at this season there are invariably many fresh arrivals from across the North Sea, which stay with us till spring, and then fly away again.

The male goldcrests are conspicuous by their bright orange crest, but the hens are duller, having a crest of lemon-yellow. Many of them die in winter, and it would be a good idea, if we live in a district which is frequented by goldcrests, to fix nesting boxes high up where they could sleep under shelter.

It seems wonderful that such tiny birds can fly across the North Sea in

autumn, in the face of high winds; and stories have been told of their riding over on the backs of larger birds.

There are a few moths to be found on the wing at this late season of the year, one of them being the juniper carpet, which a few weeks ago was in the form of a bluish-green stick caterpillar feeding on the juniper. Another moth found now is the grey shoulder knot, pale grey in colour, which is about to hibernate among stones of the same colour as itself, where it will remain till the sunshine in April wakes it up.

Whitethorn and elm leaves are falling and the walnut, horse chestnut, sycamore, and Virginia creeper are quite stripped. It is always interesting at this time of year to examine the raspberry canes, as we may sometimes find a ripe raspberry.

Where Does the Sound of Music Come From?

A sound may be musical or may be just a noise. All kinds of sound are only waves in the air. These waves in air that we hear, though we cannot see them, are wonderfully like waves in water, which we can see though we cannot hear them. The air, after all, is not very different from a great ocean of water. If there were two fishes living in the sea or in a lake you can understand that if one of them flapped his tail he would make a wave of water which the other might feel.

When we speak we make a wave of air very like that wave of water, and other people feel it in a particular kind of way which we call hearing. The different kinds of waves make different kinds of sounds. If you make a wave which is jerky and *not regular*, then the ear does not like it, and that is the wave that makes a *noise*; but if someone is singing, or if you strike a note on the piano, the wave is a regular one, the ear likes it, and it is known as a musical sound.

Why Do Sailors Wear Wide Trousers?

Wide trousers are so much a part of a sailor's uniform now that even when small boys are dressed in sailor's clothes their trousers are also made very wide

at the bottom. The reason for the great size of the legs of the trousers that sailors wear is this. The men have to do so much with water, scrubbing and mopping the decks of their ships and so on, that they have to turn their trousers up to the knees to prevent them getting soaked, and with ordinary trousers this would be impossible. Therefore their trousers are made very baggy so that the wearers may be able to turn them up without any trouble.

What is the Sword of Damocles?

Perhaps it would be better to ask What *was* the Sword of Damocles, for when we use the expression now we do not mean the same thing as when it was originally used in olden times. Damocles was a Syracusan, one of the companions and flatterers of the tyrant Dionysius, who ruled over part of Sicily in the fourth century before Christ.

Damocles, having talked a great deal about the happiness of Dionysius, was invited to a magnificent banquet so that he might taste what the supposed happiness really was. Damocles was delighted, but in the midst of the feast, happening to look up, he saw suspended over his head by a single hair a terrible naked sword. At any moment the hair

might snap and the sword fall, piercing the head of him who sat beneath. Naturally this quickly dispelled all his visions of happiness.

When, therefore, a person is threatened with some danger that may or may not happen, we say he has the Sword of Damocles hanging over his head.

Why Do Some Things Feel Colder Than Others?

The different things in a room are as warm as each other because, if it has time enough, the warmth in the room will spread itself equally over everything. Yet if you touch several of the things you find that they feel very different. A thing like the fender will feel cold; the carpet will feel warm; wood will feel colder than the carpet but warmer than the fender.

That is simply because these things differ in their power of keeping heat from running through them, as flannel and linen differ. The brass of the fender lets heat run through it very quickly, but the carpet lets heat run through it very slowly, and so we say that the fender feels cold and the carpet feels warm. If a thing carries heat quickly away from our finger it makes our finger cold, and we say the thing is cold.

Can a Blind Man's Touch Take the Place of His Sight?

The answer is partly yes and partly no. Certainly the sense of touch can never develop in any blind man so as really to make up for his loss of sight, and no one supposes that it can. But it is true that a blind man, because he must make the most of the senses he has, educates his sense of touch to a high degree. People who can see do not do this any more than they develop the sense of smell to the utmost. When we can judge a thing positively by looking at it we do not trouble to try our fingers on it. But it is quite untrue that the sense of touch itself is more delicate and acute in blind people. The point has been closely studied, and it is found that touch is less acute in blind people, though it may be better educated for special purposes. The brain being a whole, the whole must suffer when a part of it is defective.

What Does 22-Carat Gold Mean?

At one time the carat bean, or seed of the locust-tree, was used in weighing gold and silver, and the word carat refers to the weight of pure gold in an article; 22-carat gold means that of 24 parts 22 are gold and the rest some other metal; 18-carat gold has 18 parts of gold in every 24 parts in the article, and so on.

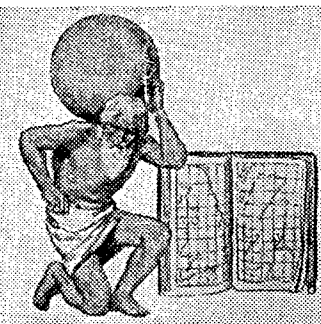
CN WORD STRIP



NEMESIS, from the Goddess of Retribution, Nemesis



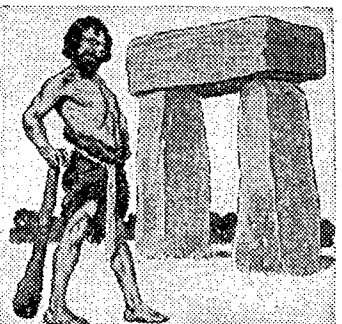
PANIC, from Pan the God of Shepherds who caused alarms



ATLAS, from the God who supported the Universe



CEREAL, from the Goddess of Corn, Ceres



CYCLOPEAN, something huge, from the one-eyed giants, Cyclops

WORDS FROM ANCIENT GODS

A PROPHECY COME TRUE

Those people who, in the anxious city of Budapest, are looking back to the happy days, will remember that more than 40 years ago the Hungarian capital had what was called the Pleasure Telephone.

Looking back we find that we were writing about it last century and these are some of the things we said:

Who knows but that in time we may sit in our arm-chairs listening to the speeches of Her Majesty's Ministers? Patti and Paderewski may entertain us in our drawing-rooms. In the cricket season we shall follow our favourite wielders of the willow, and all the unpleasantness of winter travelling will be avoided in the football season by fixing a telephone on the field which will keep us acquainted minute by minute of the whereabouts of the ball and the prospects of the team.

There is indeed no element in our social life which will be unprovided for, and if the principle of sight is applied to the telephone, as well as that of sound, earth will be in truth a paradise, and distance will lose its enchantment by being abolished.

It is confidently stated that a single wire will carry the same sound over the whole kingdom if not beyond the seas, and who dares to say that in 20 years the electric miracles will not bring all the corners of the earth to our own fireside?

That was written by the Editor of the C N in 1898, and it has long since become true.

Stitching a History Map

One of the most fascinating maps imaginable has been embroidered in wool by twenty members of the Kinloch Scottish Women's Rural Institute.

The working of the map, which is over seven feet square and embroidered in wool on Glamis linen, has aroused great enthusiasm all over Scotland, for it shows the history and landmarks of the district round Kinloch in Perth.

Young and old inhabitants of the district helped to obtain information for the map (which was drawn to scale by a woman architect) by racking their brains and reading old records.

Beginning at the very earliest times, the cinerary urn from the Bronze Age and the remains of a prehistoric temple near Banff are shown. A speeding chariot represents the Roman invasion, while a Scot punishing a Dane depicts the Danish invasion. A sinister-looking figure is a witch from Macbeth's castle, while down the old Spanish chestnut avenue from Thrums to Lindertis trips our dear Peter Pan.

On Wolfhill stands a wolf, supposed to be the last one killed in Scotland; not far away is one of the black swans sent to Perth in Scotland by Perth in Australia, and another sight is the aerodrome at Perth, with the mills near Bridge of Cally which produce tweeds and yarn famous the world over.

A Klondyke in China

An army of Chinese is flocking to North-West Szechuan near Sungpan, not to fight but to take part in a gold rush!

It has long been known that the hills and streams in this district have an enormous amount of gold in them, but the fierce tribesmen who abounded there frightened prospectors away. However, now that the area is pacified gold diggers are losing no time in getting there, and whole towns are springing up overnight as they did in the days of the Klondyke rush forty years ago.

The Tragedy of the Polish Brothers

ONCE again the sword of tyranny has cleft asunder multitudes of families in Poland, and some who until this autumn were simply Poles must now, for a time, own themselves subjects of either Germany or Russia, no longer sons and daughters of an independent State.

This melancholy condition had existed for a century until the Great War restored the nationhood of this gallant people. It fell to one of our readers to enjoy the friendship of sons of two Polish families who had been divided in this way.

In one case the father of the two sons, living on an ancient estate in Russian Poland, incurred the wrath of Tsarist officials by daring to erect a school in his grounds for his illiterate peasants. He was seized, stripped to the waist, and flogged with the knout in the presence of the people he had helped.

The elder son fled to the forests and lived a Robin Hood kind of life; the younger boy was smuggled away, gained a University education in Bavaria, and came to England as a musician. His son inherited his gifts, and we often hear music of his composition on the wireless.

Years passed and at last the two brothers, decided to meet in Paris. When they came together they found

themselves unable to communicate with one another. The one who had come to England had forgotten the Polish language; the other could not speak English, so they conversed by means of written Latin.

In the other instance of a Polish family, belonging to the nobility, one son had become an officer in the Austrian army when the Great War broke out, his younger brother remaining a Russian Pole, so that the two actually fought in rival armies.

By good fortune the younger son escaped the clutches of both Russians and Austrians, and after extraordinary adventures reached England, and was able to complete his studies as a civil engineer. He could not believe at that date that Poland would regain her independence. "No," he said, "peace will come, and I shall return to my home, over which the war has passed three times, but I shall not be free and happy, as your soldiers will be. They will drop arms and uniforms, but I shall have to return to uniform, still the conscript of a Power which every Pole detests."

Such will again be the fate of the young men of Poland for some little time to come, but the tide will turn, and freedom will once more be theirs, with brother no longer confronting brother across a foreign frontier.

A Big Work Waiting For Peace

WHILE the world was still at peace, the C N told how the Ordnance Survey of Britain had moved on another stage.

General H. S. L. Winterbotham, who was one of the prime movers of the new survey, has just returned in haste from America, to undertake other of his country's work. But while across the sea he told a congress of geographers much about the unfinished tasks of peace in surveying the world.

The most important of these is the great triangulation of India, or, in other words, its exact measurements east, west, north, and south, from Bombay to Calcutta, and from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin. This work is already more than a century old and was begun by Sir George

Everest, from whom the unconquered Everest takes its name.

The triangulation of India is also unconquered; but when it finally yields to the efforts of the geographers and the surveyors, India will become the centre of a far-flung network covering Asia, Europe, and taking in Australia to the South, and the Philippines. In General Winterbotham's phrase it will be the surveyor's new Garden of Eden in a peaceful world.

Some parts of this hoped-for measurement of the earth are already in progress, and some are of old standing. When all are completed, the pieces will be joined together, as in a jig-saw puzzle, with the names of Moscow and Valencia, Casa Blanca and Sydney, exactly placed on the new map.

These Things Have Not Gone Up

SOME things have not gone up. One of our boy friends tells us that his pocket money is still as low as it was, and we hear much the same of mother's pin money and parson's wages.

We have collected this list of things neither the Profiteer nor the War has yet touched, as far as we can find.

Hire of a gas stove	Children's school fees
Water rates	Toll-gate charges
Police fines	Tickets for the Zoo
Fine for pulling alarm signal in a train	Ride on the Zoo elephant
Lending library fines	Cloak-room fees
Cost of a summons	Train platform tickets
Many Government licences	Chairs in the park
Armorial bearings	Weighing machines
Tax on motor-cycles	Railway fare for a letter
Motor registration fee	Theatre programmes
Insurance stamps	The pedlar's packet of lavender
Insurance premiums	Civil Service examination fees
Postage stamps	Money-order commission
Receipt stamps	Letter registration fees
Will forms	Telegrams
Copy of a will when proved	Patent fees
Birth and death certificates	Pew rents
Marriage and burial fees	Naturalisation certificates

COURAGE

A Boy Talks With a Man

The Boy. Is Courage the same thing as Bravery?

The Man. The answer is both Yes and No. The words have different origins and in many respects different meanings. Brave came from a German root and originally meant fine and gallant, especially fine in appearance; it also meant fierce and hardy, and therefore fitted a fighting man. The French adopted it in the sixteenth century. Courage, on the other hand, has its root in the Latin word for the heart. Thus it is the better word by far, for the heart has always stood for the finest emotions. A courageous man, we say, is one with a good heart.

The Boy. But do we really feel with our hearts?

The Man. No. Physiologically the heart has no control of our mind or feelings. It is an ingenious four-chambered pump, circulating the blood to all parts of the body. It works independently of our will, but what we do and feel causes great variations in its action. If we climb a hill it works faster, just as the engine of a motor-car pants when climbing. If we have a timid mind, and are suddenly faced with danger, the heart is so violently affected that it momentarily ceases to pump. So timidity may turn a man's face white, owing to the pause in the heart's action.

The Boy. Can a man cure himself of timidity?

The Man. Yes. No man need remain timid. He can bring his mind to the assistance of his heart. Very often timidity resides with a sensitive mind which keenly appreciates danger. The mind can overcome this failing by calling upon reason, by remembering duty, by learning to scorn timidity, by cherishing love of family, and so on.

The Boy. That means exercising the mind; I suppose.

The Man. Precisely. When we exercise our muscles, we make them strong. When we exercise the mind it becomes powerful and able to resist the shock we call timidity. The once timid mind, rendered valiant by reason, then no longer shocks the heart. The man has acquired courage, a good heart that no longer beats irregularly in danger and causes the pallor of fear.

The Boy. Isn't mind and heart exercise difficult for some people?

The Man. Unfortunately, yes. If a boy has a feeble constitution it is difficult for him to keep a steady heart in danger, but by no means impossible. There are many fair records of the exhibition of glorious courage by feeble folk.

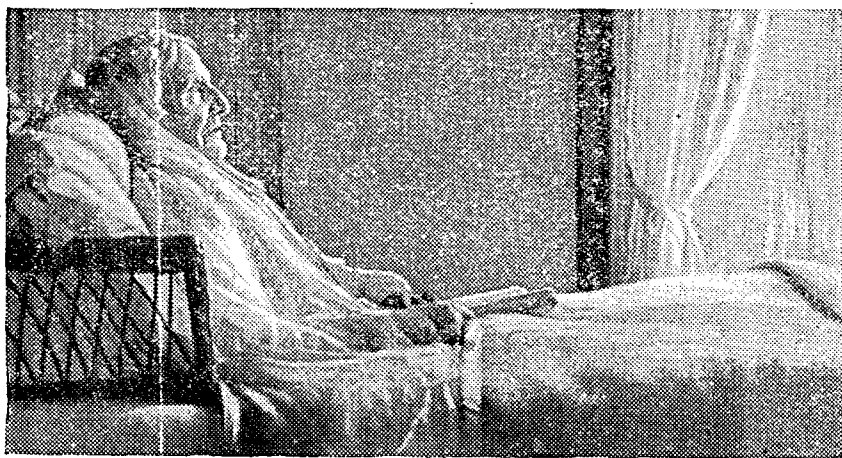
The Boy. I suppose a lot depends upon what there is to be courageous about?

The Man. Yes, indeed. A tiny bird will courageously attack a big enemy that seeks to invade the nest. Thus, too, with the four-legged tribe, many of whom will fight to the death in defence of their young.

The Boy. So courage is not an attribute of strength?

The Man. All true courage is moral courage. If it goes with strength, it is well. If it goes with weakness, it is the more glorious.

A Long Life to You



A Picture of Gracious Old Age—Lord Haldane's Mother on her Hundredth Birthday

ALL the people who study the number of years we live are agreed that men and women are becoming healthier and living longer.

Always friends have wished each other *Long Life!*

The instinctive desire to enjoy long years raises some interesting issues. Let us see what can be said for and against long life.

The wonderful thing we call Life is compounded of lives. Life is long though lives are brief. So we may regard life as a chain of existences, linked together by loves and friendships, memories and traditions. We feel ourselves to be part of history, part of a thing that is of vast importance, however insignificant we may appear as individuals.

Long Life Gains From Short Ones

As the years pass we find that the accomplishment of our days becomes dearer and dearer to us—and an ever-increasing consolation in age. The thing in life to avoid is to pass out without having contributed anything to history or to material accomplishment. Nor is it necessary to achieve great things to feel that satisfaction; the great object is to have contributed something and, by doing so, to have paid for what we have enjoyed. Someone has defined a gentleman as a man who does not take from the world more than he gives.

Thinking of Life as a continuity of lives there is something to be said for the argument that Life actually gains because individual lives are short. We learn and we unlearn, and the unlearning is the more difficult process. Some philosophers have therefore argued that it would be unfortunate if the average person, after having acquired certain adult habits and faults, were to continue to live for, say, 200 years and thus to inflict his bad habits and faults upon the world, encumbering life with his antiquated notions and never realising that he had become obsolete.

A Man Becoming Conscious of His Powers

From this point of view it is excellent that new generations of lives are always appearing, unsullied and fresh, facing things without prejudice, unformed in habit and able to learn.

Such is the case for a short life. The argument for a longer period of existence, however, will probably appeal to the majority. We wish each other long life as a matter of course. We

should not thank a friend who desired us, for the good of mankind, to make an end at an early date.

There are very serious reasons for believing that mankind would gain greatly if we lived longer.

If a man lives healthily and thoughtfully he reaches, at about 50 as life now goes, a period in which his powers are very fully developed. He becomes conscious of power. His mind, exercised upon 30 years of adult experience, has become trained in thought and judgment. At 50, probably, a man is better worth knowing than ever before; he adds to the vigour of youth a knowledge of men and things which makes him a hundred times more valuable than when he was in the twenties.

Yet, unfortunately, no sooner does a man come to years of real discretion and judgment than he enters upon the final stages of his existence. Fortunately we are now able to say that, through better and more temperate living, a man of 50 in very many cases may still have a quarter of a century of useful life before him. It is an argument for the general prolongation of life.

From this point of view the brevity of life is a handicap to life as a whole. It is a sad thing for the world when the ripe judgment of a good and clever man passes out of it.

Youth and Wisdom

Pessimism is largely due to our consciousness of the brevity of life. Mankind needs the constant renewal of hope.

It is always good to know that we shall see the fruit of our labours, that having planted the tree we shall gather its fruit. For this reason there is encouragement in longer life.

It would be good for every man of 60 to feel that he had more than a fair chance to see another 30 years; that would encourage him to make efforts at 60 in the spirit of youth, but with more than youth's wisdom.

Then, too, there is the consideration that the present brevity of life makes for war, because the new generation cannot be got to realise what was suffered by the old. Already a generation has arisen in Europe which knows little or nothing of the Great War.

Let us then quite frankly rejoice in the prospect of longer life for the new generation, and say *Long Life to you!* It sounds a simple thing to say, but the proper way to score a century is to go on living, and by that we mean living healthily. Given a sound mind, a sound body, plain living, plenty of exercise, and good work to do, it is not too difficult.

TALES OF LAST TIME

THERE was an irritable colonel in a ward of a hospital in France, an elderly man who was difficult to manage and refused to obey the regulations. He was rebuked one morning by the nurse, a very little sister.

Colonel: Are you aware that I am an O C?

Little Sister: Now, you look here; there's only one O C in this ward, and I'm IT.

The shock was beneficial and the colonel was completely cured.

ONE of our destroyers lay pitching in a raging gale, with her engines in distress. The commander ordered that oil should be poured on the troubled waters, and the seaman who carried out the order was washed overboard. But the returning wave washed him back again, and as he picked himself up on deck he saluted his officer and quietly said: "Very sorry, sir; lost the bucket!"

THE Queen of the North struck a mine in the North Sea and sank in less than a minute. Of the poor humans who were blown up with her several were hurled with pieces of wreckage into the sea. One of them, Charles Bristow, was recovering from the shock when he saw his mate Dawson being drawn below by the suction of the vessel. He disappeared, and Bristow dived after him, caught hold of his comrade, brought him to the surface and, dragging him to an upturned boat, placed him on it. Looking round, he saw James Bray

in difficulties, found a lifebelt, put it round him, and swam about until he found a raft a hundred feet away. Then, pushing it towards his mates, he pulled them safely on to it.

A MOTHER, driven from Liège by the Germans, tramped all the way across Belgium with her children. For 140 miles she carried her baby, seeking in vain for a place of rest. For days she never slept under a roof nor ate a full meal; but at last she reached Ostend and safety. She looked haggard and in pain, but her baby was crowing lustily. "I thought," said one who saw her, "of the wonderful sacrifices the mother had made to shield the little life."

A SALVATION Army sailor went down with a mate on a cruiser torpedoed in the North Sea. The two men clung to a piece of timber, but it was not big enough for two, and they held on till they got weaker and weaker. Then the Salvationist said: "Mate, death means life to me. You are not ready. Hold on and save yourself, and I'll let go. Goodbye." And he let go.

THERE was a brave old Cornish lady who gave six sons to the Army. First one fell and then another, and when five had been killed the mother sent a heartbreaking appeal to General Bethune: "Do give me back the sixth!" But England was in peril, and the boy could not be spared. "Please keep him then," the mother replied, with the spirit that nothing can break.

A CRAB MYSTERY

TO those wise enough to find pleasure in studying the wonderful panorama of marine life along our coasts when the tide has exposed the rocky foreshore the sight of the familiar hermit crabs often gives a real sense of delight.

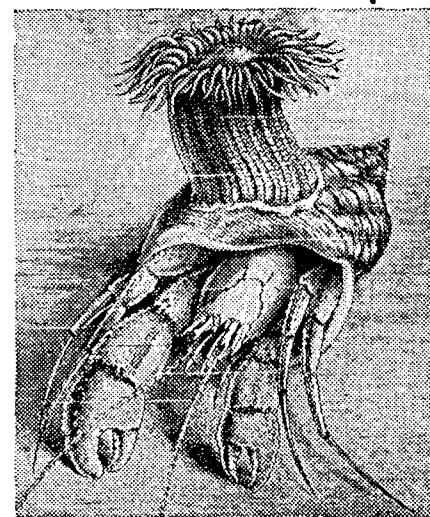
As we watch a rock pool hung with seaweeds of various colours it is possible to see the shell of some mollusc, usually a whelk, travelling along at an abnormal rate, and when we approach to inquire into the matter the motion suddenly ceases and the shell drops into position with its mouth close to the surface below. On examining the shell it is found to be the home of a crab, all that is visible being its head, its stalked eyes and long slender antennae, one very large claw, and a few walking legs.

It is necessary for the hermit crab to shelter in this way because, but for the mollusc's shell, it would quickly fall a victim to the many fishes which are very partial to a meal of crab.

The hermit has a peculiar associate which attaches itself to the whelk shell in which the crab resides. This is the parasitic anemone. The anemones are much disliked by fishes, and so when one of these growths attaches itself to the shell of the hermit the crab is protected from its enemies, while the anemone profits by receiving the fragments of food the crab rejects.

But the most remarkable aspect of this association is that the anemone, a creature with no brain, has a complete understanding as to where the shell sheltering a hermit crab is to be found. If one of the shells is placed in

an aquarium some distance from one of the parasitic anemones the anemone will detach itself from its stone and glide to the hermit crab's house, there to attach itself in such a way that its mouth is usually turned toward that of the crab. As the crab grows it



The hermit crab in the whelk shell and its associate anemone

becomes too big for the shell, and so moves on to a larger residence. When this happens the anemone moves also, and takes up its position of guardian and gatherer up of fragments on the new shell.

There is no explanation of this wonderful exhibition of knowledge on the part of the anemone. It is a complete mystery, not lessened in any way by ascribing the creature's conduct to what we call instinct.

ROBINSON CRUSOE TOLD IN AN HOUR

A Short Version of Daniel Defoe's Immortal Story, in Two Instalments

SECOND PART

THE baking part was the next thing to be considered; for, first, I had no yeast. As to that, there was no supplying the want, so I did not concern myself much about it. But for an oven I was indeed in great pain. At length I found out an experiment for that also. I made some earthen vessels, broad but not deep, about two feet across and about nine inches deep. These I burned in the fire till they were as hard as nails and as red as tiles, and when I wanted to bake I made a great fire upon a hearth which I paved with square tiles of my own making.

My loaves being ready, I swept the hearth and set them on the hottest part of it. Over each loaf I placed one of the large earthen pots, and drew the embers all round to keep in and add to the heat. And thus I baked my barley loaves, and became, in a little time, a good pastrycook into the bargain.

It need not be wondered at if all these things took up most part of the third year of my abode in the island. I had now brought my state of life to be much easier than it was at first, and I learned to look more upon the bright side of my condition and less on the dark.

Had anyone in England met such a man as I was it must have frightened them, or raised great laughter. On my head I wore a great, high, shapeless cap of goat's skin. Stockings and shoes I had none, but I had made a pair of somethings, I scarce knew what to call them, to slip over my legs; a jacket, with the skirts coming down to the middle of my thighs, and a pair of open-kneed breeches of the same, completing my outfit. I had a broad belt of goat's skin, and in this I hung, on one side, a saw, on the other a hatchet. Under my arm hung two pouches for shot and powder; at my back I carried my basket, on my shoulder my gun, and over my head a clumsy goat's skin umbrella.

A stoic would have smiled to have seen me at dinner. There was my majesty, prince and lord of the whole island. How like a king I dined, too, all alone, attended by my servants! Poll, my parrot, as if he had been my favourite, was the only person permitted to talk to me. My old dog sat at my right hand, and two cats on each side of the table, expecting a bit from my hand as a mark of special favour.

The Footprint

IT was my custom to make daily excursions to some part of my island. One day, walking along the beach, I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot plainly impressed on the sand. I stood like one thunderstruck. I listened, I looked around, but I could hear nothing nor see anything. I went up to a rising ground to look further; I walked backwards and forwards on the shore, but I could see only that one impression.

I went to it again. There was exactly a foot—toes, heel, and every part of a foot. How it came thither I knew not; but I hurried home, looking behind me at every two or three steps, and mistaking every bush and tree, fancying every stump to be a man. I had no sleep that night; but my terror gradually wore off, and after some days I ventured down to the beach to take measure of the footprint by my own.

I found it much larger! This filled me again with all manner of fears, and when I went home I began to prepare against an attack. I got out my muskets, loaded them, and went to an enormous amount of trouble—all because I had seen the print of a naked foot on the sand. There seemed to me then no labour too great, no task too

toilsome, and I made me a second fortification, and planted a vast number of stakes on the outside of my outer wall, which grew and became a thick grove of trees, entirely concealing the place of my retreat, and adding greatly to my security.

I had now been 22 years on the island, and had grown so accustomed to the place that, had I felt myself secure from the attack by savages, I fancied I could have been contented to remain there till I died of old age.

For many months the perturbation of my mind was very great; in the day great troubles overwhelmed me, and in the night I dreamed often of killing savages. About two years after I first knew these fears I was surprised one morning by seeing five canoes on the shore. I could not tell what to think of it, so went and lay in my castle perplexed and discomforted. At length, becoming very impatient, I clambered up to the top of the hill and perceived, by the help of my perspective glass, no less than thirty men dancing round a fire with barbarous gestures. While I was looking, two miserable wretches were dragged from the boats. One was immediately knocked down, while the other, seeing himself a little at liberty, started away from them and ran along the sands directly towards me. I was dreadfully frightened when I perceived him run my way, especially when, as I thought, I saw him pursued by the whole body; but my spirits began to recover when I found that but three men followed him, and that he outstripped them exceedingly in running.

Presently he came to a creek and, making nothing of it, plunged in, landed, and ran on with exceeding strength. Two of the pursuers swam the creek, but the third went no farther, and soon after went back again. I immediately took my two guns, ran down the hill, and clapped myself in the way between the pursuers and the pursued, hallooing aloud to him that fled. Then, rushing on the foremost of the pursuers, I knocked him down with the stock of my piece. The other stopped, as if frightened, but as I came nearer I perceived he was fitting a bow and arrow to shoot at me; so I was then obliged to shoot at him first, which I did, and killed him.

The poor savage who fled was so frightened with the noise of my piece that he seemed inclined still to fly. I gave him all the signs of encouragement I could think of, and he came nearer, kneeling down every ten or twelve steps. I took him up and made much of him, and comforted him. Then, beckoning him to follow me, I took him to my cave. Here, having refreshed him, I made signs for him to lie down to sleep. After he had slumbered about half an hour, he came out of the cave, running to me, laying himself down and setting my foot upon his head to let me know he would serve me so long as he lived.

In a little time I began to speak to him and teach him to speak to me; and, first, I let him know his name should be Friday, which was the day I saved his life. I likewise taught him to say Master, and then let him know that was to be my name. I made a little tent for him, and took in my ladders at night, so that he could no way come at me.

But I needed not this precaution, for never man had a more faithful, loving servant than Friday was to me. I made it my business to teach him everything that was proper to make him useful, especially to make him speak, and he was the aptest scholar that ever was. Indeed, this was the pleasantest year of all the life I led in this place. I began now to have some use for my tongue again, and, besides the

pleasure of talking to Friday, his simple honesty appeared to me more and more every day, and I began really to love the creature; and I believe he loved me more than it was possible for him ever to love anything before.

The End of Captivity

ONE morning I bade Friday go to the seashore and see if he could find a turtle. He had not been gone long when he came running back like one that felt not the ground, or the steps he set his feet on, and cries out to me, "O master! O sorrow! O bad!"

"What's the matter, Friday?" said I.

"O yonder, there," says he; "one, two, three canoes!"

"Well," says I, "do not be frightened."

However, I saw the poor fellow was most terribly scared, for nothing ran in his head but that the savages were come back to look for him, and would cut him in pieces and eat him. I comforted him, and told him I was in as much danger as he. Then I went up the hill and found quickly by my glass that there were 21 savages, whose business seemed to be a triumphant banquet upon three human bodies. I came down again to Friday and, going towards the wretches, sent Friday a little ahead to see what they were doing. He came back and told me that they were eating one of their prisoners, and that a bearded man lay bound, whom he said they would kill next.

This fired the very soul within me, and, going to a little rising ground, I turned to Friday and said, "Now, Friday, do exactly as you see me do." So, with a musket, I took aim at the savages; Friday did the like, and we fired, killing three of them and wounding five more. They were in a dreadful consternation, and after we fired again I made directly towards the poor victim who was lying upon the beach. Loosing him, I found he was a Spaniard. He took pistol and sword from me thankfully, and flew upon his murderers, and, Friday pursuing the flying wretches, in the end but four of them escaped in a canoe.

I was minded to pursue them lest they should return with a greater force and devour us by mere multitude. So, running to a canoe, I bade Friday follow me, but was surprised to find another poor creature lying therein, bound hand and foot. I immediately cut his fastenings and bade Friday tell him of his deliverance. But when Friday came to look in his face it would have moved anyone to tears to have seen how Friday embraced him, hugged him, cried, danced, sang, and then cried again. When he came a little to himself, he told me it was his father. He sat down by the old man a long while, and took his arms and ankles, which were numbed with the binding, and chafed and rubbed them with his hands.

My island was now peopled, and I thought myself rich in subjects. The Spaniard and the old savage had been with us above seven months, sharing in our labours, when, being unable to keep means of deliverance

out of my thoughts, I gave them leave to go over in one of the canoes to the mainland, where some of the Spaniard's shipmates were, giving them provisions for eight days.

It was no less than eight days I had waited for their return when Friday came to me and called aloud, "Master, master, they are come!" I jumped up and climbed to the top of the hill, and with my glass plainly made out an English ship, and its long-boat standing in for the shore. I cannot express the joy I was in at seeing a ship, and one that was manned by my own countrymen; but yet I had some secret doubts, bidding me keep on my guard. Presently the boat was run upon the beach, and in all eleven men landed, whereof three were unarmed and bound, whom I could perceive using passionate gestures of entreaty and despair. Presently the seamen were all gone straggling in the woods, leaving the three distressed men under a tree a little distance from me. I resolved to discover myself to them, and marched with Friday towards them, and called aloud in Spanish, "What are ye, gentlemen?" They started up at the noise, and I perceived them about to fly from me, when I spoke to them in English.

One of them, looking like one astonished, returned, "Sir, I was captain of that ship; my men have mutinied against me, and have set me on shore in this desolate place with these two men—my mate and a passenger."

When I saw my deliverance put visibly into my hands, I was ready to sink down with the surprise, and it was a good while before I could speak a word to the captain, who was in as great an ecstasy as I. After some time, I came dressed in a new habit of the captain's, being still called governor. Being all met, and the captain with me, I caused the mutineers to be brought before me, told them I had got a full account of their villainous behaviour to the captain, and asked of them what they had to say why I should not execute them as pirates. I told them I had resolved to quit the island, but that they, if they went, could only go as prisoners in irons; so that I could not tell what was the best for them, unless they had a mind to take their fate in the island.

They seemed thankful for this, and said they would much rather venture to stay than be carried to England to be hanged. So I left it on that issue. When the captain was gone I sent for the men up to me in my apartment and let them into the story of my living there; showed them my fortifications, the way I made my bread, planted my corn; and, in a word, all that was necessary to make them easy. I told them also of the Spaniards that were to be expected, and made them promise to treat them in common with themselves.

I left the next day and went on board the ship with Friday. And thus I left the island the 19th of December, in the year 1686, after eight and twenty years, and, after a long voyage, I arrived in England in June 1687, having been 35 years absent.

THE END

The Leaf of the Walnut

THE walnut is something like the ash, but has larger leaves, and coarser, rugged silvery bark. It makes a great

tree in a favourable position. Before Napoleon's time walnut orchards were common in England, but most of the trees were cut down to make gunstocks for Wellington's armies. The beautiful walnut timber was most popular for furniture, but after this disaster it was replaced by mahogany from America.



It is likely that we shall be replanting our walnut orchards, and growing walnut again for timber, using better varieties specially grafted.

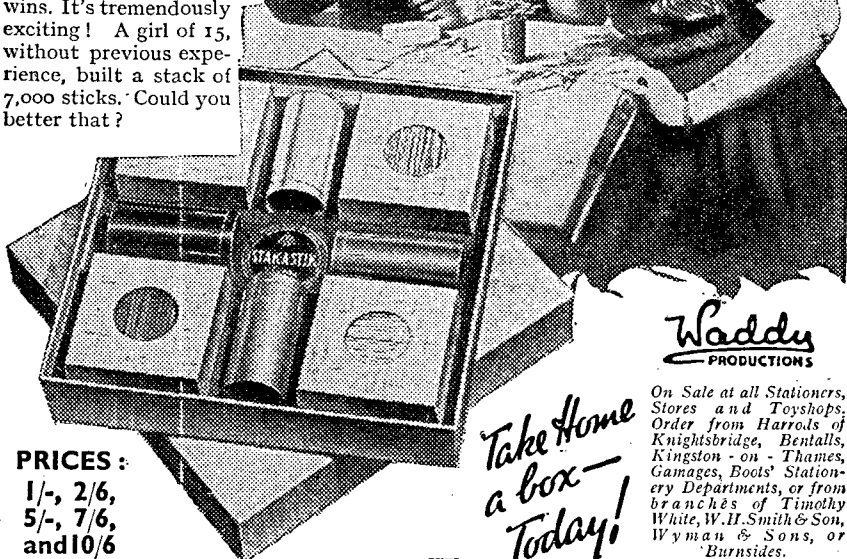
The walnut grows wild from Armenia to the Himalayas, and numerous varieties are found now in Europe, India, China, and America. The special varieties for bearing nuts have to be chosen to flower very late so that they are not injured by spring frosts. They are best grafted on the black walnut, and should be planted as quite small trees. Walnuts off your own tree can be kept fresh in jars of salted peat. Special varieties of the tree produce the beautiful patterned timber.

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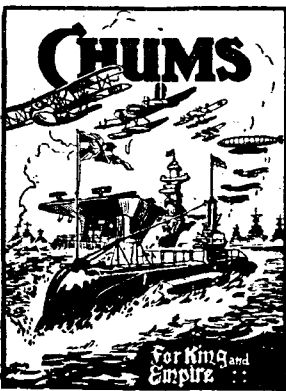
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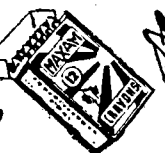
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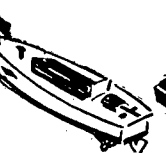
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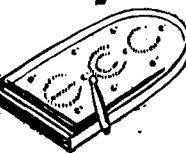
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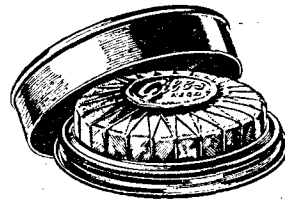
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Our familiar slogan "£8 a day just pays our way" unhappily no longer holds good. The situation created by the War, with the inevitable increases in maintenance costs, makes our needs today greater than ever before.

To enable us to carry on uninterruptedly with our work of administering skilled medical and nursing services to the children from London's poorest areas, we appeal to all readers for a measure of support not only equal to former contributions, but for increased subscriptions.

PLEASE SEND A GIFT NOW TO—The Secretary, The Little Folks Home Fund, The Queen's Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, E.2.



Here are thirteen well-known statues of famous figures of the past. How many of them do you know? The list will be given next week

NOVEL COMPETITION FOR CLEVER CN READERS

Two Prizes of Ten Shillings Each
and 15 Half-Crowns Must Be Won

DOWN SIR
BALL ROOM
NAY COW
NIB HE DRUG
VAN NOR CAR
LIST RING
STOP KIN
ROVED

HERE is a picture of a knight of medieval England for CN girls and boys to colour. Also there are given eight anagrams of the names of famous British castles. Can you identify them? For example, the letters of the first, DOWN SIR, will, when rearranged, spell WINDSOR.

The Editor offers two prizes of ten shillings each and 15 half-crowns for senders of the best-coloured pictures accompanied by a correct list of the castle names.

Cut out the picture and paste it on a postcard. When the paste has dried colour the picture with paints or crayons, and write your list and your name, address, and age on the card. Post it to CN Competition Number 91, 21 Whitefriars Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp), to arrive not later than first post on Thursday, November 2.

This competition is for girls and boys of 15 or under, and allowance will be made for age when judging. Only one attempt can be accepted from each reader, and the Editor's decision will be final.

The Aloe

THERE was an old lady of Kew
Who heard that the aloe tree
grew
To be centuries old,
So she bought one, I'm told,
To see if the rumour were true.

What Happened on Your Birthday



Mendelssohn

Oct. 29. Raleigh beheaded . 1618
30. Last Crusade ended . 1270
31. Keats born . 1795
Nov. 1. East India Com-
pany abolished . 1858
2. Jenny Lind, singer, died 1887
3. Russia declared war on
Turkey . 1914
4. Mendelssohn died . 1847

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Is This Your
County?
Warwickshire

An Enigma
Rain

Arithmetical
Problem
George 28
Fred 21

A	T	R	A	D	E
S	H	O	E	O	M
P	A	S	O	W	D
R	E	T	I	N	U
S	E	A	L	N	A
A	R	A	S	E	D
F	A	L	L	V	O
E	D	L	E	E	O
R	O	S	Y	N	E

The Bran Tub Heading
Left to right in the bottom row:
Schooner, ketch, fore and aft schooner,
three-masted barque, barque, full-
rigged ship, barquentine, brig, cutter,
and brigantine. In the top row are a
junk, dhow, yawl, and felucca.

A Fable in French and English

"Eh, bonjour, Monsieur le Cor-
beau! Que vous êtes joli!"
dit le renard, vieux et rusé.
"Est-ce que votre voix est aussi
charmante que votre plumage?"

Le corbeau vain, en ouvrant
tout grand le bec pour montrer
sa belle voix, laissa tomber un
morceau de fromage que con-
voitait des yeux Monsieur le
Renard. Le renard, rusé et
vieux, se précipita en avant.

"Mon bon monsieur," s'écria
le renard, en le saisissant et
décampant, "votre vanité vous
a fait perdre votre dîner; ne
connaissiez-vous pas que tout
flatteur vit aux dépens de ceux
qu'il flatte?"

"Good-day, Mr Raven! What
a handsome creature you are!"
said the crafty old fox. "I wonder
if your voice is as pleasing as
your appearance?"

The foolish raven, opening wide
his beak to display his vocal
powers, let fall a tasty piece of
cheese upon which Mr Reynard
had his eye. The crafty old fox
sprang forward.

"My good sir," cried the fox,
as he snapped up the cheese and
made off with it, "your vanity has
lost you your dinner; have you
never heard that a flatterer lives
on those he flatters?"

Safe at Home

PHILIP OF MACEDON was ad-
vised to exile a man who
jested bitterly but wittily at his
expense.

"I shall take care never to do
so," said Philip, "for he would
go all over the world and say the
things he says here."

A Surprise For the Painter



ONE sunny afternoon Father Jacko took the family for a ride on
the top of a bus. From the expressions on their faces they all
seemed to be enjoying it. Jacko certainly was. He had brought his
pea-shooter, and was waiting for an opportunity to use it. As the
bus stopped at a big house that was being painted Jacko pulled out
his shooter, and sent a shower of peas over the astonished painter.
"Well, I never!" he exclaimed. "Who would have expected a
hail-storm on such a lovely day!"

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Mars is in the
south-west, Jupiter and
Saturn are in the south-east,
and Uranus is in the east.
In the morning
no planets are
visible. The
picture shows
the Moon at
8.30 p.m. on October 29.



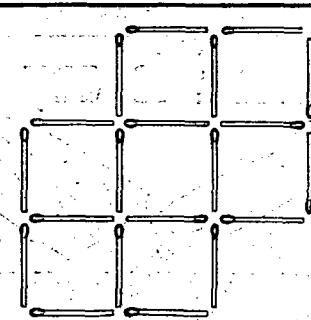
Hidden in this picture are several
letters which can be arranged to form
the name of one of the objects in the
picture.

Both Sides

"Was your room on the port
or starboard side of
the ship?" asked an old
traveller of a friend who had
been to America and back.

"Oh, I had the same cabin
both ways," was the reply.
"It was on the port side of
the boat going over, and so,
of course, it was on the star-
board side coming back."

PETER PUCK'S FUN FAIR



Twenty matches are arranged to
show nine squares, seven small and two
larger. Can you move three matches
so as to leave six squares only?

Black in with a pencil those parts of
the design marked with a small cross
and make a silhouette of an animal.
What animal is it?

Place three pennies on the table in
a row, as shown. Can you move one
end one without touching it or moving
the centre one? Answers next week

Five-Minute Story

A Farmer's Son

JOHN was disappointed. He had been
looking forward to a seaside picnic,
and now his father, who was a farmer,
had said that they could not go.

"I'm sorry, son," he said, "but I'm
pretty certain the weather is breaking,
and if I don't get those potatoes picked
up before it rains they'll go rotten."

John was too much of a farmer's son
to grumble. Instead, he offered to help.
He went out into the field with his father
and worked along with the farm men.

Suddenly his father called him. "I
don't think we shall have enough sacks,
John. Will you go over to Smith's farm
and see if you could borrow some?"

John took out his bicycle and set off.
Mr Smith soon had some sacks tied on
the back of the bicycle and John started
home.

He was cycling quietly along when he
heard a bellow behind him. Looking
round he was horrified to see Farmer
Smith's bull out in the road. It was
not attempting to follow him, but just
pawing the ground and bellowing.

"Some hiker has left the gate open,"
thought John angrily, as he hurried round
the next bend. It was no good trying
to pass the bull on the road, but he must
get back to Smith's farm somehow.

He hid his bicycle under the hedge and
started to run across the fields. He ran
and ran a long way round to avoid the
field from which the bull had escaped.

Farmer Smith was astonished when
John tore into his farmyard quite out of
breath and scratched from the hedges
he had scrambled through.

"It's the bull," John gasped. "It's
out on the road."

In a second the farmer was out of the
yard, followed by one of his men. John
went more slowly, for he was still breath-
less. When he arrived the bull was safe
back in the field.

"Well, John," said Farmer Smith,
"that was good work on your part.
That bull might have let me in for a lot
of damage if you hadn't kept your head."
And saying this he put 5s in John's hand.
He made John take it, and pulled out
his bicycle for him and sent him home.

Of course, John's father understood
why the sacks were late when he heard
the story.

"Anyway, we've nearly finished the
potatoes," he said. "How would you
like to go into town this afternoon and
do some shopping?"

They went, and John was able to buy
some roller skates which he had been
longing for.

THE WAR AND THE CN

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